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PERSIAN TALES

DESIGNED

FOR USE AND ENTERTAINMENT.

VOL. III.

COBURG

PRINTED BY R. A. W. AHL.

MDCCLXXXI.

HASAN'S *Return to Bagdad, the Reception*
he there met with, and other surprizing
Incidents, which befel him, ZELICA,
CALE-CAIRI, and CHAPOUR.

The night we arrived in *Bagdad*, I took lodgings in my own house, and when we had recovered ourselves from the fatigue of our journey, I searched out my acquaintance and friends. They were all surprized to see me. Are you alive, said they? Your partners assured us you was dead. When I was informed that my jewellers were at *Bagdad*, I went to the grand visier, and told him how I had been used. He ordered them both to be taken into custody, and commanded me to examine them, in his presence. Did not I awake, said I, before you threw me overboard? They replied, I fell into the sea in a dream. But sirs, says the visier, How came you not to know your partner at *Ormus*? They answered: We never saw him there. What

say you, replies the visier, I have a certificate from the *Cady* of *Ormuz* to prove the contrary. At the sight of this, they trembled, and turned pale. Observing them change colour, he said: Come, come, confess your guilt, that I may not be obliged to extort it from you by torture.

They confessed all, and were sent to prison, till the calif should order what death they should die; but they found means to corrupt the keeper, and made their escape. In the meantime all their goods were seized, and the calif took possession of them, except a few which were given to me, for the damages which I had sustained. After this I thought of nothing but living a happy life in retirement with my princesses. We passed our days in comfort, and all my prayers to heaven were, that I might live in that manner all my life. Vain hopes! Can mankind be long here in a state of happiness? One evening I returned from a friendly entertainment; I knocked at my door for a considerable time, and nobody came to let me in. I waited a while, then knocked again; but not a slave was stirring. The neighbours hearing the noise, came out as much surprized as myself, and assist-
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ed me in breaking open the door. We went in, and found all my slaves with their throats cut in the entrance hall. We made forward to *Zelica's* apartment, where we found *Chapour Cale-Cairi* breathless and weltering in their blood. Oh shocking spectacle! We searched all the house over for the princess, but could not find her. Unable to support myself under these afflictions, I fainted. Happy me, if the angel of death had ~~took~~^{er} me that instant.

WHEN I recover'd my senses by the help of my neighbours, I asked if they heard a noise. They all answer'd, no; and were all astonished at the sight. I ran to the *Cady*, who sent back with me the *Nayb* and his *Afa's*; but their search was also fruitless. I and many more were of opinion that my partners were the cruel authors of this barbarous action. Soon after I fell into a fit of despair, sold my house, and retired to *Moufel*, where I had a relation who was well acquainted with the king's grand visier. He received me kindly, and in a little time introduced me to that minister, who, seeing my genius for business, helped me to an office, which I had the good fortune to discharge to his liking. I, by degrees, gained his confidence, and insensibly

came to have a share in the government, which eased him in the administration of affairs.

Some years after that minister died and the king prejudiced in my favour, put me in his place, which I supplied for two years to the satisfaction of both prince and people: inasmuch as that monarch gave me the name of *Atalmule*. Not long after, some great lords of the court enter'd into a conspiracy to seek my ruin. The better to accomplish their design, they render'd me suspected to the prince of *Moussel*, who demanded of his father to depose me. I left *Moussel*, and came to *Damascus*, where I soon had the honour to be recommended to your majesty. The loss of the princess *Zelica* makes me insensible of mirth, and is the cause of that profound sorrow and melancholy with which I am always overwhelmed.

The Continuation of the History of King
BEDREDDIN LOLO.

When the visier had finished his story, the king said, I am not surprized at your sorrow; you have just grounds for it: but you are in an
error

error to think, that among all mankind, there is not one perfectly contented. I am satisfied that prince *Seyfel Mulouk* my favourite, looks upon himself to be entirely happy. I cannot affirm, my lord, replied I that he really is so. Well, says the king, I will convince you presently. He then order'd the captain of the guards to bring the prince thither. When he came, the king asked whether he was contented with his condition? My lord, replies the favourite, tho' a stranger, I am respected in the city of *Damascus*; the nobles court me, and you love me; how then can I fail of being happy. But *Atalmule* maintains, that no man is truly happy. I tell him that you are so, says the prince. I am mistaken, if any inward pain robs you of the pleasure which the favours I have bestowed upon you create. Speak the truth. *Seyfel Mulouck* replied: Since your majesty commands me, I must confess, that notwithstanding all the pleasure and grandeur with which I am surrounded, I have a thorn in my breast, which gives me continual uneasiness; and what adds to my affliction is, it can never be removed.

The

The king, a little surprized at his answer, and not doubting there was some lady in the case, order'd him to tell his story.

The History of Prince SEYFEL MULOUCK.

I am the son of *Assem-Ben*, late sultan of *Egypt*, and brother to the present reigning prince. In the 16th year of my age, I found the door of my father's treasury open, went in, and looked at every thing which appeared to me a rarity. I was particularly delighted with a little cedar chest set with topazes, emeralds, pearls, and diamonds. In it was a golden key with which I opened the lock, and found a ring of wonderful workmanship, and a little gold box, in which was the picture of a woman.

The features were so regular, the eye so sparkling, and the air so admirable, that I fell in love with it, and really thought it was the portrait of some living princess. I closed the box, and put it with the ring into my pocket. My confidant was the son of a great lord at *Cairo*. He was somewhat older than me; and I told him my adventure. He insisted to see the picture; and

and taking it into his hand, after he had admired it for a few minutes, asked me for the box, which he narrowly inspected, and found on the inside the following words in *Arabic* characters: *Bedi al Femal*, daughter of king *Chabbal*.

Transported with discovering the object of my love, I desired my confident, whose name was *Saed*, to go to all the cunning men in *Cairo* to find out king *Chabbal*; but no body could tell. I then determined to travel the world over, and never see *Egypt* again till I had seen *Bedi al Femal*. The sultan my father agreed that I should go to the court of the *Calaf* of *Bagdad*. I went incog. taking with me only *Saed*, and a few trusty slaves. When we arrived at *Bagdad*, I viewed the curiosities, and enquired again where I might find the dominions of king *Chabbal*. There also I was disappointed, but told the same time, if it was a matter of importance, I need only go to *Basra*, where I should find a man 170 years old, called *Padmanaba*, who would satisfy my curiosity.

I soon quitted *Bagdad*, went to *Basra*, and found the old sage, who was still lively and vigorous.

gorous. My son, said he, what service can I do you? Father, answer'd I, I want to know where king *Chabhal* reigns. I have heard travellers speak of him, says the old man, and I think, but cannot be positive, that he governs an Island near that of *Serendib*.

I returned him my thanks, and resolved to proceed to *Serendib*. I embarked with *Saed* and my slaves on board a merchant ship bound for *Surat*. From *Surat* we went to *Goa*, where we heard of a vessel bound to the isle of *Serendib*. We again embarked and the wind being fair, we made a great deal of way the first day. The second, a storm arose, which lasted several days, and drove us at last to an island near the *Maldives*, where we cast anchor. We were preparing to go on shore, when an old seaman told us, the isle was inhabited by negroes who worshipped a serpent, to whom they sacrificed all strangers that fell into their hands; and that we must, if possible gain the *Maldives*. The Captain, depending on his judgment, resolved to weigh anchor the next morning, which was well concerted, had we not been discovered. But alas! in the middle of the night we were attacked by a vast number of negroes, who board-
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ed us, put us all in irons, and carried us to their habitation, which was a horde of negroes, consisting of numerous little cabbins made of wood and earth. In the middle of them stood on an eminence, a pavillion of the same materials, where we saw the king seated on a throne of cockle shells. He was black and of a gigantic form, looking like a devil more than a man. By him sat his daughter, not unlike the fire in size or ugliness.

When the chief of the negroes had given the king an account how and where he took us, he charged his visier to conduct us to a tent by ourselves, and order'd one of us to be sacrificed every day. He sent us store of rice and provisions to fatten us for the voracious deity. Two negroes fetched one of our company every morning to be devoured, till not one remained excepting *Saed* and me. While I was blaming my senseless passion, and lamenting our unhappy fate, the negroes came, and, addressing themselves to me, said: Follow us. I trembled, and said to *Saed*, Adieu for ever.

They led me to a vast tent, where I expected to be sacrificed; when a black woman came
to

to me, saying: Be of good courage young man, you will meet with a better fate than your companions: no more. The princess *Husnara*, whose favourite slave I am, waits to tell you the rest. This said, the two negroes withdrew; and *Husnara's* favourite taking my hand, led me to a little room, where her mistress sat alone on a sofa, cover'd with the skins of wild beasts. She was of an olive complexion, her eyes small and lively; her mouth wide; her nose flat; her lips thick; her hair frizled, short, and blacker than ebony. On her head she wore a plain bonnet of yellow stuff, with a scarlet facing or border, on which was a plume of feathers. Round her neck was a collar of the grains of *Talagaya*, yellow and blue. Her robe was long, made of tyger skins, which reached down to her toes. Come hither, said she, young man, sit by me; I will comfort thee for falling into the hands of my father. I took a liking to thee at first sight: I will save thy life, thou shalt be my lover, and I will prefer thee to the greatest lords of the court. Tho' I abhorred to make her such an answer as she required, I was afraid of exposing myself to her rage. When she saw me in this confusion, she added: I am rather charmed than offended at
your

your silence and disorder. It is a kind omen of, thy love, and a sign of the transports of thy joy. She then gave me one of her hands to kiss, as a prelude to greater pleasure, which she kept in store for me. In the mean time, two black slaves came and spread skins upon the floor, others brought plates of rice, and preserves of honey. The princess bid me lie down and eat with her. I eat very little; which she observing, said: You have no stomach! You think every minute an hour; but I cannot raise you to the summit of happiness till night. I am going to the king, to desire him to save your's, and your companion's life, because my favourite *Mihrasya* has a love for him.

Now she rose, and called for a veil; then bid me return to my friend, adding, I will send for you to supper, and we will be merry. A negroe was called to carry me back to the tent, where I was received by *Saed* with joy inexpressible. Is it possible, my dear prince, said he, that you are restored to me? Are you come to dry up those rivers of tears which I have shed for you? When his extacy was over, I told him what had passed between the princess of the negroes

groes and me; he owned that there could be but little satisfaction in the possession of such a lover; but then, says he, life is a fine thing. It is a melancholy thought at your age to be made a sacrifice to a serpent. Consider this, my prince, and put a force upon inclination. Ah! *Saed*, replied I, and will you follow the advice you give me? I must tell you our present condition is alike. The princess's favourite slave has taken a liking to you, and has saved your life; will you give her what she expects for this favour? Let the serpent devour me before I answer her caresses. So *Saed*, said I, you forget that life is a fine thing? Confess now, what a hard thing it is for the most impetuous youth to shew love to a woman whom he naturally hates and detests. We agreed in our sentiments, and resolved to affront our mistresses that they might have us put to death. This was the scheme we concerted, and really imagined that we should not with impunity exasperate two of the ugliest and cruelest of the human species.

Night approaching, a negroë officer came to us, saying: Happy slaves, come along with me, and enjoy the greatest happiness. Two lovers wait

wait for you with impatience. We followed with grief and despair in our visages. He introduced us to the princess *Husnava*, who was lying at length on the ground at her table upon skins, with her favourite slave. Draw near, says the princess to me, and let thy friend place himself by *Mibrafsya*. The slaves served us with various dishes, of which we were forced to eat. We drank plentifully also of a liquor made of corn in the ear.

My lady began to be very free with me, and the like freedom was shewn by the slave to *Saed*. We said a thousand offensive things to them, which soon produced the desired effect. They looked furiously upon us; and the princess cried; Ah ungrateful wretches! Is this your acknowledgment for my favours! What can you see in me to beget your aversion? Then turning to her slave, said: Tell me without flattery, am I ugly or ill-shaped? *Mibrafsya* replied: There is not a lady upon earth to be compared to you for shape or beauty. The young man must have lost his senses thus to neglect your charms. But why should I wonder, when the other stranger likes me no better. You, replies the princess, are, I think, very amiable; but they

they are unworthy of life. Call some of the officers, and let them deliver these two strangers to the *Pagod* we adore. In the instant they were about to bind us, the princess cried out, a sudden death is too great a favour for these wretches. They shall both live in misery. Carry them to the *Nab*, and make them grind night and day. We were accordingly conducted to a place on the back of the isle, where there were hand-mills, and set to work; nor would they let us rest a moment.

The negroes having one day left us a large quantity of corn, went away, ordering us to grind it against their return. *Saed* said: Now our enemies are gone, let us haste to the Sea-side, perhaps we may find out some method to make our escape from this fatal isle. I was of the same mind; we ran to the sea, which was not far off, and found a boat fastened to a pole. We immediately got in, untied it, and committed ourselves to the mercy of the waves. We had scarce handled the oars, before the negroe fisherman, to whom the boat belonged, made a hideous noise after us; but we were soon out of his reach, and lost sight of the island before it was dark.

After

After having sailed all night at random, and without sustenance, we, in the morning, saw a little island not far distant. We made thither, fastened our boat to a stake, and went up into the isle, where we found several trees loaded with fair fruit. When we had refreshed ourselves, we proceeded further, and I never saw a more agreeable place. It was full of aloetrees, and other fine wood, of springs and all sorts of fruit and flowers. But what surprized me most was, that it appeared to be deserted. I said to *Saed*: How comes it to pass, this pleasant isle is uninhabited? My dear prince, replied he, since we can find nobody, it is a sign that nobody can reside here; but he little thought that he was speaking so much truth.

We spent the day in thanksgiving and walking about. At night we lay down upon the grass, and slept sweetly; but when I awoke, how great was my amazement to find myself alone. I sought every where for *Saed*, waited all that evening, and the following night, in the place where we slept, but in vain. Ah my dear *Saed*, cried I, by what enchantment am I deprived of thee? I had better have died with thee than live here alone. At length, not being able to sustain the loss, I grew

desperate, and resolved to destroy myself. I will, said I, first go over the island, and find him out, or die. I then went to a wood at some distance, in the middle of which stood a castle, encompassed with deep ditches full of water, but the draw-bridge down. I passed over, and enter'd into a large court paved with white marble, and advanced to the gate of a fine edifice built of aloe wood, exquisitely wrought. On the gate was a brazen lock in the shape of a lion, with a brazen key affixed to it, hanging by a chain. I put it into the key-hole, when to my great surprize, on turning of it round, the lock broke into a thousand pieces, and the gate opened of itself. Within I found a stair-case of black marble; which I ascended, and came into a large hall hung round with silk and gold tapestry, the sofa's of brocade. From hence I went into a chamber richly furnished, where I saw a young lady, whose beauty commanded my attention.

She lay on a large sofa, with her head reclined on a cushion. She was magnificently dressed; and near her stood a table of black jasper. Her eyes were shut; and not knowing whether she was alive, I went very softly to her, and found she breathed.

ed. I fixed my eyes upon her, and wished within my heart she would awake. She slept sound, so I quitted the castle, resolving to return in a short time. After I had tired myself with walking among numerous wild beasts, which seemed afraid of me, I came back to the castle, resolving to speak to this lady, whose beauty had given me so much uneasiness. I found her in the same posture and still asleep. I coughed, shook her, and made a noise in the chamber, but she did not stir. There must be some enchantment, said I. Some *Talisman* keeps this lady asleep, as I cannot wake her. Unable to effect it, in a fit of despair I resolved to carry off the marble table, upon which, when I drew near, I observed certain magical characters which I judged the cause of the lady's lethargy. I scarce touched it, before she sighed vehemently, and awoke.

Ah sir, said she, How got you into this castle? You are no man, you are certainly the prophet *Elias*! Madam, replied I, no one opposed my entrance, the only difficulty I met with, was to awake you. I am indeed something more than a common man. My father was a king; but yet I am a man. I have more reason to believe that

you are of a superior species. No, replies she, I am also one of the daughters of *Adam*. Tell me why you left your father, and by what means you came into this island? I related to her of my falling in love with king *Chabbal*'s daughter, named *Bedial Femal*, by looking on her picture, which, with my ring, I had so well secured, that the negroes missed ~~of~~ them. She viewed the picture, and told me, that king *Chabbal* ruled in an isle near *Serendib*, adding, I cease to wonder at your passion: but princesses are often flattered by painters, Pray, sir, continued she, make an end of your story. I did so, and then intreated her to tell me her's, to which she consented.

The History of MALIKA.

I am, says she, the only daughter of the king of *Serendib*, who has a palace near that city, where he often retires. One day I took a fancy to bathe myself in the garden. I went in with my favourite slave. On a sudden there arose a storm, and a cloud of dust gathered over our heads, out of which descended a monstrous bird, that took me up in his talons, and brought me hither; where
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re resuming his own shape, he appeared a young genie. Princess, said he, I am one of the greatest genies in the universe, and this day passing over the city of *Serendib*, I spied you bathing in a garden; charmed with your beauty, I conveyed you to this castle, where you shall want nothing that heart can wish, if you will comply with my desires.

At this his discourse, I wept bitterly, and cried out: Ah, unhappy *Malika*! Was this to be thy destiny! Unhappy prince! My dear father! Is this the reward of thy care, in bringing me up, to lose me in so barbarous a manner? Thy grief will certainly occasion thy death. No, no, replies the genie; your father can bear misfortunes much better than a foolish virgin. Crown my wishes, and be happy. Flatter not yourself, rejoined I, with such vain hopes, I shall always have an aversion for my ravisher. He smiled at what I said and imagining that with good usage I should by degrees be mollified, he spared no cost or trouble to please me. He bought me sumptuous clothing, furnished me with the most delicious dishes and costly wines; but finding he every hour became to me more odious, in a fit

of despair, by the power of magic, he threw me into that profound sleep, of which you are an eye-witness, and where I should have remained for ever, had not you come to my deliverance. He made two more *Talismanns* to render the castle invisible, and to prevent the gate being opened. He often comes to wake me, and asks if I am sensible of his passion; but finding I treat him with disdain, lays me asleep again. And now, my lord, have I not reason to doubt of your mortality? Nay I am astonished that any son of *Adam* should live and cross this island, which nothing but beasts of prey inhabit.

While the princess and I were talking, we heard a noise, and were suddenly frightened with hideous outcries. Oh heavens! said she, we are undone for ever! It is the genie. He entered the room in a rage, with an iron bar in his hand, and in the form of a giant; but instead of doing me any harm, fell down at my feet: Son of the king, demand what you please, I obey. I was surprized; but he soon made me sensible that I had nothing to fear. The ring on your finger, added he, is the seal of *Solomon*, whoever is in possession of it, cannot perish by any accident.

Waves

Waves and storms cannot hurt him; wild beasts cannot devour him. He is sovereign over the genies, and all magic power gives way at his appearance.

What! replied I, and was it by virtue of this ring that I escaped shipwreck? Yes; my lord, replied he, and that you escaped being devoured by wild beasts likewise. You saw many, but they ran from you. Do you know what became of your companion who slept by your side? He was eaten by the wild beasts, and had it not been for that ring, you had shared the same fate. Tho' tears trickled down my cheeks on hearing the sad end of *Saed*, my mistress's image was so deeply imprinted on my mind, that I demanded of the genie to tell where king *Chabbal* reigned, and if the princess *Bedi al Femal* was alive? He said, that *Bedi al Femal* was in some sense the daughter of that prince; but that she was one of king *Solomon's* concubines. It mortified me much to hear that I had fixed my love upon a princess, who had been dead many centuries. All my comfort is, continued I, turning to the princess, that I can do you service. I command you therefore this moment to transport this lady and

me to *Serendib*, and set us down at the gates of that city. Thou deservest further chastisement for the rape of *Malika*; but do this and I forgive thee.

The genie made no answer, but took me and the princess up in his arms, and instantly carried us to *Serendib*. He there asked if I had any farther commands. I answered no, and he vanished. We put in at the first caravanserail, where we consulted, whether I should myself go to the king, or we should write him advice of the princess's arrival. We thought the first method was the best. Accordingly I repaired to the palace, which was built on fourteen marble pillars, to which I ascended by 300 steps of fine stone. I entered the first hall, and with some difficulty gained an audience of the king, who asked me, what brought me hither, and of what country I was? I replied: My lord, *Egypt* gave me birth, but I have been three years absent from my parents, and have undergone various misfortunes. His majesty being of a compassionate nature, burst into tears, saying: I am not much happier; for I have lost my only daughter, and in such a manner as adds to my sorrow. My lord, replied I, I

I, I come to bring you tidings of her, and tho' you think she is dead, you shall this very day see her alive and in health. Ha! where did you meet with her, says the king?

I told him the whole story, which when I had ended, he embraced me, and said, for I had made my birth known to him: What amends can I make you? Go with me to the caravanferail; I die with impatience till I fold in my arms my lovely *Malika*! He instantly ordered the visier to get ready his litter, made me get into it, and we went to the caravanferail. Their joy was mutual. The first transports over, the king desired *Malika* to give him an account of her adventure; she let him know that she had preserved her honour from the ravisher, and had not carried her gratitude so far as to fally her virtue. We all returned to the palace, where a grand apartment was allotted me, and public prayers were ordered for the return of the princess. When the thanksgiving day was over, all the nobles of the island were sumptuously feasted at court.

After this his majesty shewed me the most profound respect, and always made me a party

in his diversions. One day he asked me to be his son-in-law, and the heir of his crown. My lord, said I, did I not tell you the reason why I left *Cairo*? Would you dispose of *Malika* to one who has no heart to give? She deserves a better fate. How then, says he, shall I shew my gratitude! Your kind reception of me, is recompence enough. All that I desire more of your majesty, is a ship to convey me to *Basra*. The ship was instantly fitted out and furnished with all manner of stores for my use. I took leave of the king and the princess; embarked, and after some time arrived at the desired port; from whence I proceeded to *Cairo*, with a caravan of *Egyptian* merchants, where I found great changes at court.

My father was dead, and my brother on the throne, who at first received me with affection, telling me at the same time, that the king, before he died, missing the picture and the ring, suspected him of taking them away. I confessed the truth, and returned to him the latter. Notwithstanding these external professions of filial love, he caused me to be confined on the day of my arrival; and the very same night sent an officer

cer to kill me, who had more mercy than his master; told me his errand, and said: My prince, the prison doors are open. Fly this moment, take advantage of the night, and stop not till you find a place of safety. I made all possible speed out of my brothers's dominions, and was so happy, my lord, as to arrive in your's, where I met with the wished *Asylum*.

*A Continuation of the History of BEDREDDIN
LOLO, and his SORROWFUL VISIER.*

W hen the prince had finished his story, he, addressing himself to the king of *Damascus*, said: I now leave it to your majesty to judge if I am perfectly happy; while my head is fuller than ever of *Bedi al Femal*. *Bedreddin* the king, having no notion of being so passionately in love with a picture, asked his favourite to let him see this prodigy. The monarch admired it, owned she was a charming princess, and said, I wonder not at *Solomon's* passion for her; but your love is merely chimerical. Sir, says the visier, your majesty may see by this prince's story, that all men have their troubles. I am not of your opinion, replied the king. I am fully satisfied there
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are some who know no care, and whose peace is not disturbed, Go, says he to *Seufel Mulouck*, look among the tradesmen and artificers, and bring me him who seems to be most lively and mirthful.

The prince obeyed, and after a few hours returned. Well, says the monarch, have you done as I ordered? Yes, replied the favourite, I saw a number of artificers singing at their work, who all seemed contented with their station in life; but among the rest a young weaver, named *Maleck*, who was laughing among his neighbours. Friend, said I, you seem very gay. It is my humour, replied he, I hate melancholy. I bid him follow me, my lord; and he is waiting in the antichamber. Bring him in, says the king. He was a handsome fellow, and when entered, fell at his majesty's feet. Rise says the monarch, and tell me if you are as really contented with your condition as you appear to be. It is a matter I greatly long to know, and require you to inform me without reserve. Great king, replied *Maleck*, the world is deceived in me; for notwithstanding my songs and laughter, I am of all men the most miserable. You provoke my curio-

riosity, says the king, I command you to give me your history.

The adventures of MALECK, with the Princess SCHIRINE.

MY father was a wealthy merchant of *Surat*, who left me a plentiful fortune, the greatest part of which I soon made away with, and when the remainder was near wasted, a stranger one day came to dine with me, who said he was going to the isle of *Serendib*; which occasioned the company to talk of the pleasure and usefulness of travelling. Some gave an account of their voyages, and the curious things they had seen, which caused in me a desire to visit foreign nations. If, said I, it were possible to travel over the world without danger, I would not stay one day in *Surat*; this speech of mine made all my guests laugh; at which the stranger said: My lord *Maleck*, if the fear of meeting with robbers only keeps you at home, I will tell you how to travel safely from one country to another. I thought he bantered me; but after dinner he called me aside, and told me he would come the next day and shew me something very singular; but it is work that will take up
three

three or four days to complete. Send for a joiner, and let him bring with him some planks immediately.

The joiner soon came, and the stranger order'd him to make a chest six feet long and four broad, while himself prepared screws, springs, &c. and the third day they perfected the Work. He cover'd the chest with *Persian* tapestry, and had it carried into the country. I accompanied him. We must stay here by ourselves, said he. Send away, your slaves. I did so. He then got into the chest, which rose up into the air, with incredible swiftness. In one moment he was out of sight, and the next he lay at my feet. Here, says the stranger, is an easy way of traveling. I give it you; and if you desire to visit foreign countries, you may With great ease and safety. Do not think, continued he, there is any conjuration in it. I am master of mechanics, and can make machines much more surprizing.

I gave him a purse of sequins for it; then said: Teach me, sir, how to put this chest in motion. He went into it with me, touched one of the springs, and we flew up in an instant. He then taught me
how

how to guide it, saying, turn this screw you go to the right, that carries you to the left. Touch this spring, you mount, touch that, you descend, I made the trial, and went faster, slower, higher-and lower, as I pleased. After we had taken several caracols in the air, we turned towards my house, and alighted in the garden. I then caused the chest to be locked up in my apartment, and the stranger left me.

Now I continued spending till all was gone; then borrowed, and run myself over head and ears in debt, lost my credit, and my creditors pressed me for their money. Finding I could stay no longer in *Surat*, I drew my chest into the garden, put into it my provisions, with a little money, got into it, turned one of the screws, and was out of sight in a moment. I proceeded in my airy voyage all that day, and the night following. The next morning I found myself over a wood, and saw a large city near it. I longed to know where I was, and at length spied a peasant digging. I descended into the wood, where I concealed my machine, and went to the labourer. I asked him the name of that city. He told me it was *Gazna*, and the residence of the just and valiant king *Bahamann*.

hamann. And who lives, says I, in the palace at the end of the meadow. *Schirine*, the king's daughter, replied he, who by her horoscope is threaten'd to be betray'd by a man. To obviate this prediction, the king has built that marble palace, surrounded with ditches of water. The gates are of *China* steel, of which the king keeps the key. There is a strong guard kept before it. The king goes once a week to visit the princess, who has no company but some female slaves and a governante.

I Went directly to the city. When I drew near, I beheld several horsemen richly caparisoned. In the middle of whom was a tall man, with a crown on his head, and in a vest covered with diamonds. He was the king, as they told me, going to visit his daughter.

When I had viewed the town, I returned to my chest, eat some of my provisions, and spent the night in the wood. I had but little sleep. The princess *Schirine* ran in my head. Can *Bahamann*, thought I, be afraid of a ridiculous prediction? If the princess is to fall in love with a man why may it not be with me? After I had, in this
man-

manner, expostulated with myself for some time, I resolved to try my fortune. I accordingly flew up into the air, and steered the chest to the palace. The night was dark, and I passed over the heads of the guards. I rested on the top of the building, where I saw a light. There I got out of the chest, and crept in at the window, which was left open to air the apartment, where the princess lay reclined on a brocade sofa. I kneeled down, and kissed her hand; at which she awaked in great surprize, and called out to her governante. *Mah-peiker*, who lay in the next room, enter'd immediately. Here is a man, said she, how came he into my appartement? Are you a confederate? You know, madam, replied she, the vigilance of the guards, and that there are 20 steel gates to be opened, before he could get into your room, of wick the king your father keeps the keys. How then can you Wrong me with this suspicion?

While they were talking in this manner, it came into my head to pass for *Mahomet*. Fair princess, said I, cease to wonder: I have no design that ought to alarm your virtue. I am *Mahomet* your great prophet, who taking pity of your confinement, am come to defend you from the effects

of perdition. Your fate will be happy, and you shall be my wife. Women are apt to give credit to any thing that is new and wonderful; and they believed me. After passing the best part of the night with the princess, I returned to the wood. In the morning I took my way to the city, where I laid out most part of my money in provisions and fine cloaths, and spent the evening in dressing and perfuming myself. Night approaching, I got into my chest, and directed it to the same place I did before, where I enter'd the princess's apartment. She told me, she had long expected me with impatience. But pray tell me, how comes it to pass, that you have so young a look; I always thought the prophet *Mahomet* was a venerable old man. He has been represented to me, ever since I was a child, in that portraiture. 'Tis right, answer'd I. That is the idea people should have of me. When I condescend to visit the faithful, I appear with a long beard, and a bald pate. But I thought you would not like so superannuated a figure, and therefore put on the form of a young lover. The governante said I did well, and that when I was to play the part of a husband, I ought to make myself as agreeable as I could.

I Left

I Left her before day, for fear of being discover'd, and the princess insensibly became so prejudiced in my favour, that she believed all I said to her. A few days after the king of *Gazna* came to visit his daughter, and finding the gates fast, he enter'd her appartement alone. She seemed to receive him but coldly, which he perceiving, insisted to know the reason of it. Your majesty, says she, will be surprized to hear you are the father-in-law of *Mabomet*. Are you in your right senses cries the king? What an absurdity is this? No, no, some traitor has seduced you. This said, he flung out of the room, and searched all over the palace, but in vain. He then called his visier and confidants, and asked their advice upon this important affair. The visier spoke first, saying, the pretended marriage might possibly be true, tho' it appeared fabulous. That many illustrious houses piquet themselves in attributing their origin to events of this nature; and that tho' he looked upon the commerce the princess had with *Mabomet*, as a thing uncommon, it was by no means impossible. All his courtiers, excepting one, agreed in the same opinion; but he thought it incredible, and advised his majesty to dive into the bottom of the

matter, not doubting but he would soon discover the cheat.

Tho' the king looked upon the prime visier as a man of great penetration, he resolved to find out the truth; but to do it prudently, he order'd all his courtiers to return, and come again the next day. As soon as it was night, he seated himself on a sofa, and order'd tapers to be lighted, and placed before him on a marble table; then drew his sabre, and laid it by him. This night, luckily for me, a flash of lightning broke upon *Bahamann*, and dazzled his eyes. Hereupon he went to the window, where his daughter informed him that I should enter, and, observing the sky was all on fire, tho' only the natural effect of some exhalations which inflamed the air, he really thought it foretold the descent of the prophet. Instead of being in a rage when I appeared, he trembled, dropped his sabre, fell at my feet, and said: Oh great prophet! how have I behaved to have the honour of being your son-in-law? I, taking the advantage of his humility, said: Oh king! of all the muselmans princes, you are the most zealous in my service, and consequently the man I chose to honour. It was written on the table of fate, that *Schirine* should be
fedu-

seduced by a man. To take off that misfortune, I solicited the most High to reverse her destiny; which he consented to for my sake, on condition she became one of my wives.

The weak prince believed all I said, and fell at my feet a second time. I raised him as before: and the good man, instantly retired, leaving me and the princess alone. I staid with her some hours, but left her before day-light.

Early the next day the visier and the courtiers came to the palace, and asked his majesty, if he was satisfied in the matter. Yes, says he, I have conversed with the great prophet, and am convinced he is my daughter's husband. The incredulous courtier now became the jest of council; but still persisted in his obstinacy.

The same day, as they were all going to the city with the king, it rained, thunder'd in an uncommon manner, and the unbelieving courtier's horse threw him in a fright. He broke his leg by the fall. Ah wretch! says the king, you would not believe me; but see the prophet has punished your infidelity. I went that day to the city, where I was told this story. Publick rejoycings were

also there made, and nothing heard but acclamations of, long live *Bahamann*, father-in-law of *Mahomet*.

When it was dark, I conveyed myself to the palace, and informed the princess of all that had happened to the courtier; adding, I did not think fit to carry my vengeance farther; but I swear by my tomb at *Mediua*, that if any one should hereafter doubt of your happiness, he shall certainly die. Next day the king came to visit *Schirine*, and desired her to intercede with the prophet, for a person who had justly called down his wrath. My lord, replies the princess, *Mahomet* has informed me of the whole affair, and has sworn to exterminate all those who make any doubt of our marriage. This confirmed the faith of *Bahamann*; and he turning to his vizier and courtiers, said: Can any now question whether *Mahomet* is my son-in-law?

All the ministers were now satisfied, and fell on their faces before the princess, imploring her meditation for the wounded courtier.

I had now eat up all my provisions, and spent all my money. To relieve my wants I thought
of

of another expedient. My princess, said I one night to her, we have forgot one formality in our marriage. You have given me no dower; that omission gives me uneasiness. My dear spouse, said she, I will mention it to the king to-morrow, and he will give you all his riches. No, no, said I, there is no occasion to speak to him; I covet not wealth. A few jewels are sufficient. I took only two diamonds, and sold them the next day to a jeweller in *Gazna*.

I Had passed for *Mahomet* about a month, and led a most agreeable life with my fair princess, when an ambassador arrived to demand her in marriage. The king told him, she was already disposed of to the prophet *Mahomet*. The ambassador by this answer took *Babaman* for a madman, and departed to his master who imputed his refusal to a flight; he repented it, and raised an army, and marched against the kingdom of *Gazna*. This king's name was *Cacem*; a prince very powerful, and an over-match for his neighbour. *Babaman* was entrenched in the plain before *Schirine's* palace, where he resolved to attack him the next day. In this dangerous situation he summoned a council, where the courtier who had been woun-

ded spoke to him thus: If your majesty will implore the assistance of your son-in-law, he will confound your enemies. Tho' this was said only in derision, yet it inspired the king with fresh courage. He immediately went to his daughter, saying: Use all your interest with *Mahomet* to engage in our defence. He will not forsake us. No, no, father, he ~~foes~~ comes from heaven where the enemy lies, and perhaps, is this moment putting them into terror and disorder.

All the day before I had observed the motion and disposition of *Cacem's* army, particularly that quarter where he lay. I then filled up my chest with great and small stones, and in the middle of the night, I rose into the air, and guided my chest towards *Cacem's* tent. The soldiers were all asleep, which afforded me an opportunity of descending to one of the windows. I saw the king reclining his head on a fatten pillow. I raised myself half out of the machine, and flung a stone at him, which wounded him in the forehead. He cried out; his guards came in, and were amazed on seeing the blood running down all over his face. While the traitor was searched for, I rose into the air, and poured down all my stones on and about the

the royal tent. I then fetched more, and wounded the soldiers, who cried: It rains stones. A sudden fear ran thro' the camp, and both officers and soldiers thought the prophet had engaged in the cause of *Babaman*. In short *Cacem* fled, and the whole army abandoned their tents and equipage, crying: we are undone, *Mahomet* is against us.

Babama was astonished, when he perceived in the morning, that the enemy, instead of attacking him, retired with precipitation. He pursued them, and made a great slaughter, took *Cacem* prisoner, who died of his Wounds the next day. All the booty was given among the soldiers. who returned loaden with great riches. Prayers were put up in all the mosques for this unexpected deliverance. At night the king went to visit his daughter. My child, says he, I am come to return the prophet thanks for his succour. He soon had the satisfaction desired. He threw himself at my feet, kissed the ground, and cried out: Oh great prophet! I am sensible of your favour. I raised him, and said: Prince, did you think I should not come to your relief, to which you were driven for my sake? *Cacem's* pride is fallen. Fear henceforth no potentate upon earth.

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Soon after the body of king *Cacem* was interred with great pomp. Then *Babama* ordered public rejoycings to be made in the city for the marriage of *Schirine* with *Mabomet*. I thought it necessary on this occasion to work a miracle. I bought some white pitch, and made fireworks of that and cotton. While the citizens of *Gazna* were rejoicing in the streets, I flew up very high, and lighted them, and they had a good effect on the spectators. Next morning I went into the city, to hear the conjectures of the people. Some said it was *Mabomet*, who signilized himself in the festival; others affirmed they saw the prophet amidst the meteors, with a white beard, and a venerable air. These notions gave me great pleasure; but alas! while I was thus indulging my future expectations, a spark of the firework kindled in my chest, and in my absence consumed it to ashes.

I could find no remedy for the evil: I therefore resolved to seek my fortune elsewhere. Thus left *Babaman* and *Schirine*, and departed I know not where. Four days after I met a caravan of merchants going to *Cairo*, where I safely arrived, and put myself to a weaver; with whom I lived
seve-

several years, then came to *Damascus*, and followed the business. This employment of mine, which being more painful than profitable, makes me unhappy.

*A Continuation of the History of BEDREDDIN,
and his VISIER.*

WHEN the weaver had finished his story, the king of *Damascus* dismissed him. Then he said to his visier and favourite, this man seems to be no happier than you but yet I will not believe there is no person in the world that enjoys a perfect felicity. Go, visier, said he, to all my officers and courtiers; I will examine them apart, and know whether any secret sorrow disturbs the comfort of their lives. He had the patience to talk to them every one; but found none exempt from trouble. One complained of a bad wife; another of undutiful children; some of not being rich; others for want of health. In short, he found all of them had something to occasion their inquietude. Your majesty seeks in vain, said the visier, there is no contented man upon earth. I am not of that opinion, replied the king; and I have a sudden thought come into my head, which will

will decide the matter in dispute. Order a proclamation to be read in all parts of the city to-morrow, importing, that all those who have nothing to cause their disquiet, should appear before my throne in three days. The time was elapsed, and not a soul came to court on that account.

The king was much surprized, that in so rich and populous a city as *Damascus*, there should not be one happy man. Then turning to *Atalmule*, added, if my kingdom was at peace, I would range over the whole globe with you, to convince you of this error. Soon after a general peace was concluded, when the king set out, resolving never to see *Damascus* till he had met with a contented person. Having intrusted the government of his kingdom to a vizier, he accompanied with *Atalmule*, *Syfel Mulouk*, and some slaves, took the way towards *Bagdad*, where they lodged at a Caravanferail. They passed for three jewellers of *Cairo*. Here *Bedreddin* one day met with a calender preaching to a crowd of people in the street. He listen'd to him a while, and heard him say: My brethren, are you mad to take so much pains to hoard up riches, of which the enjoyment is so precarious and troublesome!

lesome! the fear of losing them makes your life miserable; and you envy my poverty, who, in the midst of want, enjoy a perfect happiness. The king overjoy'd, turning to *Atalmule*, said: This calender is happy; we need travel no further. Sir, replied he, we must talk to him by himself; 'tis very probable he does not speak as he thinks in publick; but if in private discourse he assures us he is contented, I will own myself in an error.

When the calender had done talking, the audience gather'd him some money, and he went off. They followed, and asked him whether he would be merry with them. The calender accepted of their invitation. He carried them to a little house, where two other calenders lived, who were also extremely pleased. *Atalmule* took some sequins out of his purse, and giving them to one, bid him buy what was necessary for our purpose. He returned with provisions, fruit, and wine. They eat and drank heartily, and the calenders were so merry, that *Bedreddin* thought them perfectly happy, and asked *Atalmule*, if he would now own his error. No, no, sir, said he, not yet. My lords, says one of them, what is it

it you say? Here, says the king to him, you see three jewellers; one of my brethren maintains, there is not a contented man in the world: I am of the contrary opinion, and think you so? Speak the truth. My lord, replies the calender, neither I, nor my companions are happy. The heart of man is not capable of content. The enjoyment of one desire creates another, and our sensual appetites are never satisfied.

The king now began to imagine he was mistaken. However, he resolved to spend the rest of the day at a *Fiquaa* shop. Here they met with two persons of consequence, talking of the cares of human life. We must not hope, said one of them, to be happy here. I know but one, among all the sons of *Adam*, who leads a happy life. Ha! says *Atalmule*, who is that? The prince of *Astracan*, replied the person, he, by way of excellence, is called the *King without sorrow*,

The next day they set out with a caravan of merchants, and arrived safe at *Astracan*, where reigned king *Hormoz*. *Bedreddin* resolved to introduce himself into his presence, and discover the secrets of his heart. They repaired to the
palace,

palace, crossing a large courtyard full of soldiers. In the first hall were slaves of both sexes, in gallant dresses, a dancing. In the next were singers and musicians. Having here satisfied their curiosity, they passed into a third hall, in which they saw 20 or 30 persons sitting at a long table spread with all sorts of provisions. It was an entertainment made for the greatest lords of the court. We easily distinguished the king from his nobles. He held the seat of honour, and on his head was a crown of gold, adorned with topazes and rubies. He was about 30 years old, handsome, well shaped, and looked with a gay air.

When they returned to the caravanserail, the king of *Damascus* said to his vizier: We have now met with a happy man and a prince. His favourite was of the same mind. Ay, ay, said *Atalmule*, people are ignorant of the arts of dissimulation, which are practised in courts. I shall suspend my judgment. Who knows but he has a thorn in his side, and enjoys his diversions at a dear rate. The next day each of them took a box of diamonds, and returned to the palace. They desired to have audience of the king, saying, they were three jewellers, who travelled from
court

court to court to sell their precious stones. *Hormoz* order'd them in. They shewed him their jewels. He admired one of them exceedingly, which was as big as a pigeon's egg. Whence came this? says he. *Atalmule*, who had been a jeweller, said, Sir, it was found in the island of *Serendib*. Will your majesty please to accept of it? *Hormoz* received it with joy, and assigned them a magnificent apartment in the palace. He made them partners in all his diversions. All the nobles of *Circassia* were, by turns, invited to see them. But the king of *Damascus*, and his companions, were more intent upon examining the actions and countenance of their host, than on their entertainment. They could see nothing which shewed the least uneasiness; whereupon *Bedreddin* said to his favourite and visier, if we may depend upon conjecture, this prince is happy. But how is it possible we should enter into his thoughts. The only way to get this secret from him, sir, says *Atalmule* is to tell your name, and why you came to his court

Accordingly they all three went to wait on *Hormoz*, and demanded a private conference, in which they desired leave to retire from his court.

In

In short, my lord, says *Bedreddin*, tho' we pass here for jewellers, I am the king of *Damascus*; one of these men is my visier, and the other my favourite. The king of *Astracan* was surprized at this; but when *Bedreddin* told him why he left *Damascus*, *Hormoz* burst into laughter. I think you are happy, replies *Bedreddin*, pray open your heart to me. Since you ask me so seriously, I must say that I am of your visier's mind. Notwithstanding that I am called the *king without sorrow*, I am the most wretched prince alive.

The king of *Damascus*, astonished at this speech, insisted to know the cause of his grief, which *Hormoz* promised to discover.

The History of Hormoz, King of Astracan, surnamed, The King without Sorrow.

One night, when every thing in the palace was quiet, the king sent an eunuch to conduct his guests into the women's apartment. Then taking *Bedreddin* by the hand, he led him thro' two chambers to the door of the third, bidding him look in. He did so, and beheld on a sofa, a

young lady of exquisite beauty. She had a smiling countenance, and was listening attentively to an old female slave. That lovely princess, says *Hormoz*, is the cause of all my uneasiness. Does she not love you? says *Bedreddin*. Is her indifference———No, no, says the king of *Astracan*, 'tis not that I complain of, she loves me, as much as I do her. How then, replies the king of *Damascus*, can she occasion your sorrow? You shall see, rejoined he, stay you there at the door, and observe what passes. This said, he entered the chamber, and as soon as he approached the princess, (unheard of prodigy!) the loss'd her beauty, turned pale, and seemed like a dead corps; and as *Hormoz* came back, in proportion to his distance from her, she recovered life and complexion, like the sun issuing from a cloud. That, says *Hormoz*, is my queen. Can you think I am the happy man you look after?

Five years ago, I set out on my travels, with a numerous retinue from *Astracan*, and came at last to *Otrar*. I paid largely for the honours I received every where. Amongst the *Circassian* nobles, that accompanied me, *Hussayn* was appointed my governor. I one day told him at *Otrar*,
that

that I was weary of travelling a prince. Private men, added I, have more pleasure. I chuse to hear people talk, and to see their actions.

My governor applauded the project. Come, my prince said he, leave your retinue here. We need no more than two horses, and we will take the road to the city of *Carizme*. We lodged at an inn, and were taken for private travellers. The next day we viewed the buildings, streets, mosques, &c. but were particularly amused with the structure of a palace, which to us appeared very singular. It was a large piece of ground, surrounded with a low wall, in which were several high narrow towers at equal distances.

We entered, where we heard the sound of human voices. We took it for a receptacle for madmen, and heard things which confirmed us in our conjecture, for one of these delirious people was repeating *Arabic* verses in praise of his mistress. A *Carizmenian* overheard, us, and said: You must be strangers here indeed, if you do not know that all those young men lost their senses, by only looking at our sultan's daughter.

This princess plays sometimes in the mall, without a veil; but woe to them, who stay to gaze upon her! Some fall into despair; some languish and pine away; and others run mad; the latter of whom are locked up in those towers. See there, said I to my governor, those I believe are fresh instances of madness! Even so, replied the *Carizmenian*. Hearing these words, I pushed forwards. *Husseyn*, seeing me in a hurry, asked where I was going so fast. I am going, replied I, to see the princess of *Carizme* playing at the mall. While the *Carizmenian* entertained us with his talk, I cried out to *Husseyn*: See more recent instances of madness tending this way and pushed forward. He followed conjuring me by the great prophet, not to expose myself to the danger of her looks. Lay aside your ridiculous fears, said I, however amazing be the rumour of her charms, I shall view her with safety. My governor sigh'd, but made me no answer. Soon after we heard the herald, crying in the streets as follows; "*By the sultan's order, I give notice to the people, that the princess Rezia Beghum plays this day in the mall; be it known, therefore, that whatever evil befall any man that gazes upon her, it is to be imputed to his own imprudence.*"

When

When we came near the mall, we saw nothing but old men, and even they kept a proper distance. I went boldly on, notwithstanding their compassionate endeavours to make me retire. But alas! it was my ill fortune to come too late. She had done playing, and put on her veil before we approached her, so that I could discern nothing but her stature.

I then addressed myself to *Hussayn*, saying: How unfortunate was I not to come sooner. The very next time she plays, I am determined to see her, tho' she were more dangerous than you can imagine. The next day a proclamation was read, importing that the princess would not exercise herself any more in public. This much pleased my governor, but caused me much affliction. However, I determined to gratify my curiosity, and run over a thousand expedients. At length I took a quantity of jewels, and went in search of the sultan's gardener. I found him, and put into his hand a purse with 500 sequins of gold: but when he was informed of my request, he returned them somewhat rudely, saying: Audacious youth! consider the danger to which you expose me as well as yourself. This an-

wer did not in the least dishearten me. O my father, rejoined I, and put the purse into his hand a second time, let me see her, or I shall die with grief. His wife now began to take pity of me, and became my advocate. I then presented him with some diamonds, which brought him over to my interest. I took a liking to you, said he, at first sight, and have thought of an expedient to satisfy your desire, without any danger to either of us.

I approved of the scheme, and suffered myself to be transformed into the gardener's boy. He put my hair under a bladder, and disguised me in such a manner, as a lady of the most warm constitution might look upon without the least concern. *Husselyn* impatient to know what was become of me, came to the gardener's and caught me in this pickle. I laughed at his surprize, which excited mirth in him. There is nothing now to be done, said the gardener, but to take him into the garden. You, sir, I suppose are his brother; go home, and I will let you know how he succeeds. Soon after he took me into the garden, and put a spade into my hand. The eunuchs came to us,
and

and seeing me so frightful a figure, said to him: You do well to employ such objects as this. In the evening, my master thinking me weary, took me to the edge of a marble basin, where we found a skin spread upon the grass, covered with all sorts of provisions, a pitcher of wine, and a lute. When we had eat and drank, the old man grew gay, took up the lute, and played. I commended him against my judgement. He then put the instrument into my hand, and I played one of the finest airs in *Abdelmouman*. The grand visier happened to be in the garden, and drawn by the melody of the lute, accompanied by my voice, approached us in silence. When I had done, he came up to us, and I rose to go away. Stay, says he, and inform me who you are? I knew not what answer to make, which the gardener perceiving, said: he is my servant, my lord, and well skilled in gardening. The visier ordered me to sing and play again, and seemed highly pleased with my performance, saying: the sultan had not such a hand and voice among all his musicians; adding, if it was not for his sore head, I would have made his fortune immediately.

He instantly left us, and on the morrow told the sultan, he had a treasure in the garden; who answered: I will go this day and see it. Let my musicians prepare a concert for me there, and set out a table with all kind of provisions. As soon as the sultan and his company were seated, I was ordered to come before them, My loins were girt with white linen, and I carried in my hand a basket of flowers, which I set down at the sultan's feet, and retired with the utmost respect. He cast his eye upon me, and said: Away; begone, thou loathsome wretch! My old master answered: My lord, he is my servant, and understands the mystery of gardening extremely well. The sultan believed what he said, and asked if that was the boy, who play'd so well upon the lute.

Several buffoons were present, who imagined the sultan said this, only to make game of me; one took me by the hand, and desired me to dance with him, hoping I should perform in so awkward a manner, as he would have the honour of diverting the assembly. I instantly seized him with a fortitude of mind, and managed him so roughly, that the laughter was

was on my side; after which, I let him see that I could excel him in dancing. All the company agreed that I danced with a better grace, and heaped praises upon me. When I had danced some time, I took the gardener's lute, and sung and play'd to the admiration of all the auditors. Afterwards they gave me a harp, a viol, and a flute, which I touched so well that the sultan was astonished. He immediately called for a purse, in which were ten thousand sequins of gold; I opened it, and distributed the pieces among the musicians. At this action they seemed all amazed, and said: this young man has a great soul, what pity it is, he should be afflicted thus in his head. The sultan asked me why I did not keep the gold. I answered, I want not riches. Pleased with my conduct, I gained the applause of the whole assembly a second time.

The third day after I engaged in work, I seated myself under a rose-bush to rest, and play'd upon the lute for my own amusement. On a sudden there came to me a lady veiled, who said: Throw aside thy instrument, and go gather some flowers for the sultan's daughter. Why is this not done? Are you the gardener's

boy? I bow'd with reverence, and said, I was ignorant of the princess's coming, and that I was as cautious of causing her displeasure, as I was too of exposing my own infirmity and disease. Because your head is a little out of order, says she laughing, you are afraid of being seen. Come, come, go with me, we all know your distemper, and shall be pleased to see you. Haste then, and bring your basket; *Rezia*, whose governess I am, will receive you favourably. I ran to the old gardener, gather'd a basket of flowers, and followed the lady, who conducted me to a stately edifice raised in the middle of the garden, where the princess was seated upon a throne of gold, encompassed by 40 slaves, all young and beautiful. The princess appear'd like the sun among the stars, on whom I gazed with amazement. My disorder was visible to them all, and occasioned a general laughter. I was, indeed, thunder-struck, and had almost lost my reason, when the governess came to me, and said: You stand motionless like a statue. Advance, and present your flowers. I went up to the throne, placed my basket on the lowest step, and prostrated myself before the princess. She bid me rise, that she might take a full view of me.

me. The slaves skreiked out on seeing my cap, and afterwards burst into laughter.

The princess now order'd a lute to be given me, saying: Surely thou knowest not how to sing or play to such perfection as is reported of thee by my father. I instantly tuned the instrument, and sung a *Persian* song in the *Uzzal* measure, setting forth my passion and despair. Then a slave took from me the lute, and gave me a tabor; afterwards the harp, viol and flute, on all which I performed to their satisfaction, and received their compliments. *Rezia* now called for castinets, and commanded me to dance. All the slaves renewed their commendations, but the princess remained speechless for a while; then breaking silence, descended from the throne, crying out: *What pity it is that he should be diseased!* and retired.

I went directly to the gardeners house, where I found my governor. Well, sir, said I, I have seen *Rezia*, and must confess I deserve a place in one of the towers; and tho' *Husselyn* and the gardener endeavour'd to alter my resolution, I determined to continue my disguise.

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But the succeeding day, finding myself inclined to rest, I sat down on the brink of a canal, where I was informed the princess used to bathe. Here, as in a mirror, I beheld my frightful form, and pulled off my ugly cap. While I was putting it on again, *Rezia's* governess approached me, and said: Detestible wretch as thou art, my mistress desires to hear thee play, and see thee dance again. Be in this very place when it is dark. Transported with the message, I ran to the gardener, to inform him that he should not be uneasy at my absence; then returned to the place appointed, where, at the close of day, an eunuch came to me, and carried me into the seraglio.

The princess lay upon a sofa, her slaves on a carpet before her, who on my entrance said: Here is the gardener's boy, who entertained us so well yesterday. She instantly order'd a lute to be given me. I play'd and sung as before. Then performed several dances with great activity, which threw the bladder off my head; at which *Rezia* seemed greatly displeased, saying: I took thee for a lad of no consequence. Hope not thy diversion will excuse thy insolence. A whole

whole posse of eunuchs immediately rushed in upon me, seized me, and confined me till morning, then carried me before the Sultan, who commanded me and the gardener to be delivered into the hands of the executioners. At this juncture the king of *Gazna* enraged at the sultan's refusal of his daughter to him, whom he had demanded 10 months ago had enter'd into an alliance with the prince of *Candabar*, and having passed the *Oxus*, were on their march between *Samarcande* and *Bocara*.

In this dangerous situation he asked the advice of the grand visier, who was of opinion, that all the standing forces should march to oppose them; that the mosques should be set open day and night, and prayers be offered without ceasing; that the poor should receive alms, and the prisoners be released. To all which the sultan agreed. By this means did I escape death, and returned to the inn, where I found *Husselyn*, who had given me over for lost. He, surprized and overjoy'd to see me again, begged with tears in his eyes, that I would leave that fatal city. I at length yielded to his entreaties, and cried, adieu *Rezia*! May the rigour of your heart call reason to my assistance, and wear you out of my remembrance.

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I had scarce done speaking, when the garden-er came to inform me that he was turned out of his business. As it was for my sake, said I, go along with me: I will provide for you. I thank you, sir, replies he, I was born in *Zagathy*, and will die in the same place where I drew my first breath. What I have saved in my employment, with your presents, will make my days happy enough. I gave him more gold and jewels, and he departed well satisfied.

I left *Carizme* that very day, and took the road for *Otrar*, where I joined my retinue, staid a week, and set out for *Astrakan*. On the road we met a courier, who told me my father was very ill, and desired to see me before he departed. Upon this intelligence I made all the haste I could; but when I came to the palace, found my father just expiring. Oh my son, said he, are you returned? I have nothing more to ask of heaven: I die content, and then gave up the ghost.

When I had performed the funeral honours due to my royal progenitor, and ascended the throne of *Circassia*, amidst the acclamations of the most loving subjects, I soon perceived that I had not
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forgotten *Rezia*. Hereupon I told *Hussey*n my grievance, and sent him to *Carizme* to demand the princes in marriage, not doubting his ready compliance, if I would assist him against his enemies. At length *Hussey*n returned, and reported to me, that the sultan received him kindly, but that I must quit all hopes of enjoying *Rezia*, because she is promised to the king of *Gazna*.

This answer destroyed my quiet, I complained of my destiny, and almost lost the use of my reason. *Hussey*n imagining that a new beauty might displace the image of *Rezia*, filled my seraglio with the most beautiful slaves in the kingdoms of *Asia*.

While *Hussey*n was thus employed, my grand vizier came to tell me, that there were lately erected very magnificent baths before the gates of *Astracan*, and no man could give any account of the builder. I sent for the master, who was about fifty, and said: Great philosopher, I have a request to make to you; how comes it to pass that you are able to build such stately baths? I, have, said he, 40 Workmen in my service, who are all masters in their art, by whose assistance I can, in less than a day, raise baths much more
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surprizing. But they are all dumb, tho' they can comprehend your meaning by the smallest signs or motions. If it pleases Majesty, to give your commands, they shall immediately be obeyed; but then every soul must withdraw.

My courtiers soon retired, and I desired the master and his slaves to make me a bath in the hall where we were talking. They instantly fell to work, and it was finished in the space of a few hours. There were 12 pillars of green marble, finely polished, and several fountains spouting out water into a white marble basin. Amazed at this performance, I asked the philosopher how it was done? That relation, sir, said he, will be too tedious. Suffice it to acquaint you, that I am master of 39 sciences. I then asked his name, and of what country he was. He replied, my name is *Avicene*, and I will relate to you my history.

The History of AVICENE.

A town of little note called *Asbana* gave me birth; and I was sent to the university of *Bocara* while yet an infant. At ten years of age

age I could solve any problem in *Euclid*; after which I studied mathematicks, theology, physick, and phylosophy. When I arrived to 20 years, my name was well known from the frontiers of *Gibon* to the mouth of the *Indus*. My father and I one day set out for *Samarcande*: I went to the court, and met several persons who had heard great talk of me. At length the grand visier was told I was in town, and, sending for me, desired I would live with him. I consented, and he did nothing without my advice. He soon after died, and I succeeded him; which office I executed for some time with honour and reputation. But out of my thirst after knowledge, I asked his majesty to permit me to resign, and quit the affairs of state; to Which he consented with great reluctance. I had no intention to leave the court, so I gave my apartment to my successor, and lodged in a private part of the palace, where I divided my time between the prince and my books. I communicated my reflections to the publick as fast as I could put them into Writing; and my works, by way of pre-eminence, are called, *The Glorious Works*.

I was now far advanced in the cabalistical science, when an ambassador from *Couthreddin* arrived at *Samarcande*. The king desirous to know the cause of this embassy, soon gave him audience; but was surprized, when he said to him: Sir, the king of *Caschgär* my master talking at table one day with his courtiers, was desirous to know, if there were any persons now living so skilled as *Hippocrates*, and so wise as *Socrates*; when a courtier replied, there were two famous philosophers at *Samarcande*, whose merit was equal to the greatest among the ancients; that the name of the one was *Avicene*, and of the other *Fazel*; and, sir, he conjures you to send them to him. The king of *Samarcande* immediately ordered us to come before him, and told us it was his opinion, we ought to comply with king *Couthreddin's* request. Not willing to disoblige our Sovereign, we consented to go, and he having cloathed the ambassador with a gold vest, sent him away with assurances that we should set out without delay. We travelled together for some days, and till *Facel* died on the road. I buried him in the mountain of *Eosom*, and divided amongst all his slaves the money which the king had given us for their maintenance.

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tenance during our stay at *Caschgar*, saying, go where you please.

After this loss, I began to grow sick of my intended journey, and resolved to range over the world. I took the road to *Cogende*, and after several days arrived at *Carizme*. As I was walking thro' the streets to take a view of this great city, I observed a public crier amidst a crowd of people, who cried every quarter of an hour: *O! you who love the sciences, know that to-morrow is the day to go into the cavern.* I followed him, desiring to be informed of this place. He took me to be of some religious order, and said: O holy man! near the gates of this city, towards the *Caspian* sea, lies the red mountain; at the foot of which is a cavern, which has four doors that open at the beginning of every year. In it there is a prodigious number of books, of these every one takes what he pleases to peruse. They make all possible speed to get out with them, because the doors shut again in forty five minutes; and he who stays beyond the time is sure to be starved, unless he can live without provisions till the next year. But, in short, added he, all the secrets of nature are laid

open in one or other of these volumes; and whoever carries any books off, must bring them back the year following, or suffer torture, and sometimes death.

Thus instructed, I entered next morning among the curious, resolving to stay there after the rest, and run the risk of whatever should happen. I impatiently waited for the coming day when on a sudden the doors flew open of themselves with a terrible noise. Every one rushed in immediately; and I among the rest; they all made haste out again excepting me. The doors shut, and I was left alone in the cavern. Men, less knowing than I, would have been terrified in these regions of darkness; but I had not the least dread upon me. I ordered the spirits who had the care of this subterraneous library to take notice of my commands; to bring me light, and to have the cavern well illuminated for the future.

They instantly obeyed, and then I applied myself to the reading of several books which treated of the occult sciences, and which not one of the learned could understand. I call'd for
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pens, ink, and paper, which I was readily furnished with, and copied some passages. The spirits also brought me provisions, and the choicest wines of *Chiras*, so that I passed my time here very agreeably.

The beginning of the following year the doors burst open as usual, and I took the opportunity to get out; but as my hair and beard had not been cut off for twelve months, I made a frightful figure. See there the forcerer *Monk*, cried they, he delights in nothing but mischief; let us seize him and carry him before the *Cady*; they did so, and he bid them repair to the place of execution, while I, added he, go to inform the sultan of all that has passed. He hastened thither himself in a litter, and bid me follow. As soon as the sultan cast his eyes upon me, he condemned me to be burnt. The people all brought wood, and I was fastened to the pile in an instant; but as soon as the fire was put to it, I repeated some words, and my bonds fell off. Then I took a piece of wood from the pile, gave it the form of a triumphal car, and mounting up into the air, hung over their heads, and spoke thus to the sultan: "Unjust

“prince, to condemn me for a forcerer, who am
 “only a sage, and can do greater wonders than
 “thee.” I then disappeared.

I have travelled ten years since this adventure, and at last came to *Astracan*, where I determined to make my name famous. I went one night some distance from the city to a copse, where I cut forty twigs of the same length, and by the virtue of some words, gave them life. These, sir, are my forty boys, who built the baths at the gates of this metropolis.

The conclusion of the History of King

HORMOZ.

When *Avicene* had finished his story, I said to him, Oh: what a happiness it is to have so great a sage for my friend! I verily believe, should you command one of your boys to bring hither the beautiful *Rezia*, princess of *Carizme*, he would even execute those orders, and instantly transport her to my palace. Yes, certainly, replies *Avicene*, if you desire it. If I desire it,

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answer'd I with transport! You, sir, shall be soon satisfied then, said he. I long to be revenged of the sultan for his ill usage of me. He then beckoned one of his 40 boys, whispered in his ear, and bid him begone. He instantly vanished, and a few hours after returned with *Reziah*. I cast my eyes upon her, and my heart bore witness of my love; but was still afraid it was some phantom. Behold, said he, the beauties of *Reziah*. Believe your own eyes, and examine her. Upon this assurance I hung upon her knees, and said: Ah! princess, I despaired of ever seeing thee again. In me you behold the young man, who appeared before you disguised in the seraglio; you cannot forget, how I was forced out of your apartment, and condemned to an infamous death. She was at first amazed to find herself in a strange place; but soon recollecting me, said: at any other time I could not have pardoned this violence, but as my present affairs stand, I forgive it.

After the king of *Gazna*, in conjunction with the king of *Candabar*, had defeated my father's army, they advanced to the gates of *Carizme*, the sultan in this distress sent one of his viziers

to them, who concluded a treaty of peace, wherein it was first stipulated, that I should be put into the possession of the king of *Gazna*, to whom I had a mortal aversion. The day being fixed for my departure, the king of *Candabar* laid claim to me. The two kings, on this occasion, commenced foes to each other; a battle ensued, in which the latter gained the victory. The king of *Gazna* was slain in the combat, his army cut to pieces, and his enemy mounted the throne. Thus triumphant, he demanded me in marriage: thus powerful, my father durst not refuse to give me up to his ardour. I had cause to hate him for his publick character. The fatal day was at hand, whereon I was to be joined to a husband whom I detested, when I found myself seized by a man, and in an instant brought hither.

It gave me no small pleasure to hear she was unmarried; but with what transports was I ravished, when she declared, that if I could obtain her father's consent, she would be my wife. I longed for the return of *Hussey*n, whom I had sent to demand her; and told her, she ought not to disdain the crown of *Circassia*, which,

which, With my heart, might prove Worthy her acceptance.

In the mean time I placed *Avicene* in the rank of my friends; and he was of opinion, that I overpaid him for all his services. Hereupon he advised me to send an ambassador to the sultan of *Carizme*, to advise him of his daughter's fate, to demand her, and leave the rest to him.

But now to return to *Husselyn*, whom I had sent to the court of *Carizme*. As soon as the sultan was informed of the strange manner in which his daughter was taken away; he, with the advice of his council, had recourse to a famous astrologer, called *Scheherestan*, who said the princess was in my power. Upon this, the sultan order'd *Husselyn* to come before him, and, after a short examination, condemned him to be beheaded. But in the very instant the executioner was about to give the fatal stroke, *Husselyn* was raised into the air by the charms of *Avicene*, to the great amazement of the sultan and spectators. His slaves were likewise carried off at the same time.

On a sudden *Hussey*n appear'd before me, and assured me, that the sultan, enraged at this adventure, had engaged in an alliance with the king of *Candabar*, and they were marching to lay waste the kingdom of *Circassia*. While he was giving me this information, *Avicene* came in laughing, and said: leave the defence of your territories to me. He executed his commission faithfully, by making use of but one of his secrets, which was to sow discord among my enemies. The two princes immediately turned their arms against each other, and came to a battle, in which the king of *Candabar* was killed, and all his men cut to pieces.

In the mean while I and *Avicene* passed the *Volga* with my small army, and marched against the sultan, who immediately surrendered himself. I carried him to *Astracan*, where I spared no pains to mitigate his rage; and succeeded so well, that he at last accepted me for his son-in-law. Magnificent preparations were made to celebrate my nuptials; after the solemnization of which, he returned to his own dominions; but before his departure, he took care to make *Avicene* his friend. I was no sooner

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ner married, than *Rezia's* affection for me increased every day; when, on a sudden, he, who was the author of our happiness, put an end to it.

Avicene, in spite of his philosophy, soon fell in love with the princess, and was so audacious as to declare to her his passion. She highly resented it; and her husband endeavour'd to overcome his passion by arguments drawn from reason. This usage added to his insolence, so that she was obliged to use him roughly; when he, first breathing upon her, mutter'd something to himself, and vanished. She instantly lost her senses, and has remain'd in that condition you saw her ever since.

The Continuation of the History of BEDREDDIN LOLO, his Sorrowful Visier, and Favourite.

B*edreddin* having now satisfied his curiosity, took leave of king *Hormoz*, and set out for *Damascus*. The condition of *Rezia* was often the sub-

subject of discourse on the road. One day *Seyfel Mulouck* said to the king, Tho' it must be confessed, my lord, that the princess of *Astracan* is a perfect beauty; yet we all three looked on her without losing any of our senses. My head was full of *Bedy al Femal*: *Atalmule's* mind was possessed with the thoughts of *Zelica*; but what surprizes me most, is the king our master's indifference; tho' he is not prepossessed in favour of any lady.

You are in an error, says *Bedreddin*, to think I was never in love. To tell you the truth, I am as much in love as you; and it is no princess that reigns in my heart, but a woman of an ordinary rank.

The History of FAIR AROUYA.

Not many years ago, there lived at *Damascus* a considerable merchant that had a young wife, who may very well be compared to the princess of *Astracan*. Her husband's name was *Bazou*, a man of gaiety and expence, who valued himself for his liberality. When he had wasted his

his fortune, he applied to his friends and creditors for supplies; but the former refused to assist him, and the latter denied their debts. *Banou* laid this usage so much to heart, that it caused him a fit of sickness. During his illness he remember'd that he had formerly lent 1000 sequins of gold to doctor *Danischmonde*, and sent his wife to demand them. When she came to the doctor's, she was led into the *Alfakib's* apartment; where lifting up her veil, she said: I am the wife of *Banou*, and my husband desires you to send him the 1000 sequins he lent you. The doctor, smitten with her beauty, answer'd, I will give you them, and as many more, if you will comply with my desires. Your husband is too old to deserve your affection; then came up to embrace her. Hold, insolent, said she: I would not stain my virtue for all the riches in *Egypt*. On this repulse he replied in a rage: I owe *Banou* nothing. If the old fool has ruined himself by his extravagance, does he imagine I am to set him up again? This said, he turned her out of doors. She went home in tears, and told *Banou* what passed, who bid her go to the *Cady* and complain of the doctor's treachery.

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The *Cady* was naturally amorous, and led her into his closet, where having seated her on a sofa, he made her lift up her veil. She here told him her story, and he promised to do her husband justice, adding: Give me, my fair one, what thou refusest the doctor, and I will present thee with 4000 sequins. Here *Arouya* burst again into tears, and said: o heavens! is there no virtue in man? Those, whose duty it is to punish criminals, are guilty of greater vices! The *Cady*, unable to gain his ends, assured her, he would do her no service.

The next day *Banou* sent her to the governor of *Damascus*, whom he had trusted with large sums, and who was, even then, in his debt. But he was as much inflamed with the beauty of this young woman as the doctor and the *Cady*. When he was made sensible of her errand, he promised to make the doctor repay the money he borrowed of her husband, provided she would that moment retaliate the obligation in such a manner as he should require; but she was no more disposed to satisfy the governor than the rest; so returned from him very disconsolate. At this news the old merchant fell
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into despair. She comforted him, saying: I have thought of an expedient how to satiate our revenge upon the Governor, the *Cady*, and the *Alfakib*; but would not tell him her design. However, he consented to leave it to her management.

Arouya then went to a box-maker and bought three chests, each of which would easily hold a man, and caused them to be carried home and put into her closet. She then dressed herself in her richest attire, and went to the *Alfakib*, saying: Signior, I am come once again to desire you to pay my husband the money you borrowed of him. If you do it for love of me, depend upon my gratitude. Fair lady, rejoins the doctor, you shall have 2000 sequins on the condition I promised them. Bring the money then said she to my house this night exactly at ten o'clock, and I will introduce you to my apartment. The doctor was overjoyed at this assignation, and embraced her. Then she went to act the same part with the *Cady*; and said to him, I have not had a moment's rest since I left you. I remembered it was my fault that I had you not for a lover. I now repent of my ob-

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stinacy. At these words the *Cady* was transported, and said: where shall we meet? Come to my house, replied she, at eleven in the evening, alone. Fear not any disturbance from my husband, he is old, and worn out with infirmities. The *Cady* also promised to come at the time appointed.

Nobody now remained but the governor, whom she determined to catch in the same trap. She had the address to make him believe all she said: and it was at length agreed that he should come at midnight. This done, she ordered an apartment to be put in nice order, and spread a table with fruits and sweetmeats to treat her lovers. The first that came was the doctor, whom an old slave conducted to her mistress. As soon as he looked at her, he cried out: O thou *Phoenix* of the age! and threw a purse, in which were 2000 sequins, on the table. She then taking him by the hand, smiling, desired him to sit down on a sofa; then calling her old slave, bid her help to undress her lover. She pulled off his cloaths, left him in his vest, and bare headed. In the midst of his joy a great noise was heard in the house. She bid *Dalla*,
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the old slave to go and see what was the matter, who soon returned full of grief, saying: Ah madam, we are undone! your brother is just come. Ah me! says the mistress, how shall I hide my shame? Why are you so disquieted, replies the old slave; put the doctor into one of the chests your husband bought to carry goods in to *Cairo*. The doctor approved her advice, and *Arouya* locked him up, saying: we shall spend the night more agreeably together for this short interruption. He full of the sweet delusion, lay comfortably in the coffer, not doubting the lady's sincerity.

At eleven o'clock they again heard a great knocking at the door. *Dalla* ran, and ask'd who was there? The *Cady* replied: speak softly, for fear of Waking *Banou*. My mistress, replied she, has a love for you, and ordered me to introduce you into her apartment. The judge was all on fire at this promising prospect. The old slave led him to her mistress. Oh! my queen, says he, there is no happiness comparable to mine. I am no longer my own master. I cannot, replied she, delay your passion. Undress yourself this moment. Get into that bed, while

my husband is laid asleep. I'll return instantly. *Arouya* came back in a fright, and fell a weeping, playing her part so artfully, that the *Cady* really believed her husband was coming. I am not in the least afraid of his menaces, rejoins the judge. You are safe from all chastisement, while under my protection. I know that, said she, but please, sir, to consider, I shall hereby lose my character, who am looked upon as a pattern for all discreet wives. At these words she burst out into tears.

While she was thus bemoaning her hard fate, *Dalla* entered, and said: I have just thought of a way to ease you of your pain. What's that says che *Cady*? You, my lord, replied she, need only put yourself into a chest that is in my lady's closet. I'm very sure my master will not look for you there. With all my heart, says the judge, if your lady thinks proper. She approved of the thought, and locked him up, promising to set him at liberty as soon as her husband and relations had visited her apartment.

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There now only remained the governor to be trapped. He came at midnight, and *Dalla* introduced him as she had the others. *Arouya* received him in the same manner. Soon after a great knocking was heard at the door. The old slave came running into the chamber in great confusion, crying out: Here is the *Cady*. He is just gone into your husband's apartment. *Arouya* bid her listen to what he said, and bring her an account of it. She returned sometime after, and declared from what she could learn, that the judge came to examine her, in the presence of the doctor who accompanied him, about the 1000 sequins. Hereupon she fell a crying, and added: I beseech you, my lord, to hide yourself. I conjure you to prevent my shame. Go into my closet, and suffer me to lock you up in a chest for a moment. So the governor was trapped. Then *Arouya* locking the closet door, went to inform her husband what she had done. This made them both merry; but how, says *Banou* do you think to get off this adventure. You shall know to-morrow, replies she.

The next day she came to my palace, and into the hall where I was giving audience to

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the people. I took notice of her noble air and beauty, and bid her draw near me. She pushed thro' the croud, and fell at my feet. Rise, said I, and tell me your business. She replied: Oh mighty monarch! I am the wife of *Banou*, a merchant, who has the honour of being one of your majesty's subjects, and lives in this capital. Then related to me the doctor's knavery; the *Cady's* injustice, and the governor's proposal to seduce her. I thought it a story invented to do them ill offices with me, and not willing to believe her, said in surprize: Where are your witnesses? At home, sir, replied she, if you please to send for them, you will not suspect my veracity.

I immediately dispatched a party of my guards to *Banou's* house, and he delivered to them the three chests, which they brought into the hall. Here sir, says *Arouya*, are my evidences; then pulling three keys out of her pocket, opened them, and produced her three lovers almost naked in open court. All the spectators burst into laughter, nor could I refrain; but soon resuming an air of gravity; I first reprimanded them; then condemned the doctor to pay *Banou*

4000 sequins of gold, and turned the *Cady* and Governor out of their places. After this I bid the young woman lift up her veil. The emotion she was in on account of being exposed to the whole court added to her charms, and I never saw any thing more beautiful. I was struck with amazement, and cried out in a kind of transport: Thy three lovers are not so blameable as I imagined. The hall resounded with her praises, and every one thought *Banou*, notwithstanding his circumstances, the happiest man living.

In short, her image was always before me; not a moment passed in which she was absent from my thoughts. Finding I could have no peace of mind without her, I sent for *Banou*, and told him I was passionately in love with his wife; that I would load him with riches, and give him the fairest slave in my seraglio, if he would make a sacrifice of his wife to me. Great monarch, replied he, Wealth is no temptation to me, if I must purchase it with the loss of *Arouya*! Yet such is my love for her, that I will prefer her happiness to my own. I will give her an account of our conversation, and if she

approves of your majesty's offers, I will instantly put her away.

Banou was as good as his word; but she burst into tears, and replied: Can you imagine that I am charmed with the love of a king? No, no, I had rather live with thee in a Cottage, than with the greatest prince in a palace. What shall we do then, says the husband? How shall I defend you against so formidable a rival? Instead of returning to the king, replies *Arouya*, let us take what money we have, with the best of our goods, and leave *Damascus* as soon as possible. They left the city that very evening, and made the road for *Cairo*, as *Dalla*, who refused to go with them, afterwards informed me. Her beauty and virtue are so fixed in my heart, that for above 20 years past I have been insensible to the charms of women.

Bedreddin had scarcely finished his story, when they were diverted with the sight of a number of camels and horses grazing in a meadow. They made towards them, and perceiving a magnificent tent, in which were men eating and carousing, they observed among them one taller than

than the rest, very richly attired. He sat cross-legged on a floor-cloth of fine tapestry, and had several golden dishes before him full of various kinds of meat. He was a venerable person, about 50 years of age, attended by 20 or 30 officers; one of whom, spying the king of *Damascus* and his companions, came up, asked who we were, and whither bound? The king answered: we are three jewellers, who come from the court of *Circassia*, and are going to *Bagdad*. Pray tell us who your master is? My lord, replied the officer, he is called *Aboulfouaris*, or, *The Great Voyager*, and values himself for his magnanimity. He commonly resides at *Basra*, where he has built a marble palace. This said, the officer returned to his master, who no sooner saw the three strangers, than he rose and went to receive them. He introduced them into his tent, and desired them to sit down, and eat and drink with him. The entertainment being over, *Aboulfouaris's* slaves loaded the camels, folded up his tents, and proceeded on his journey, we three accompanying him. On the road, he insensibly conceived a friendship for us his fellow-travellers. We got him into a vein of talking, and he told us his adventures, which

are so extraordinary, that no one would believe them, was he not remarkably known to be a hater of lies.

The Adventures of ABOULFOUARIS, *sur-*
named: THE GREAT VOYAGER.

VOYAGE I.

My father was a merchant of *Basra*, who carried on a great trade to the coast of *India*, and took me, e're I was 12 years old, along with him. In less than 10 years after, I became the richest merchant in that city. One day he said to me: Son, I have an accompt to settle with one of my correspondents at *Serendib*, and intend to send you thither. I was unwilling to part from him; but at the same time had a desire to see that city and island. We had the good fortune to arrive there safe; here I first enquired out my father's factor. He was well known in the city, and one of the wealthiest merchants in the island. He received me with great respect, and took me to his house. He was an honest man, and I finished my business
in

in less than six weeks; then prepared to set sail with the first fair wind. As I was coming home, the very evening before I designed to embark, a lady richly dressed, and well shaped, passed by, attended by a slave, who carried her luggage. I was struck with her princely air and mein, and cried out in transport: What lovely creature is this! She heard, turned about, and looked at me; but remained silent. I was afraid, I had offended her, and began to feel what I never felt before; when the slave came up to me, and said: my lord, I have orders to conduct you to my mistress's apartment.

Tho' I was to embark the next morning, I followed him, leaving every thing to the venture. He led me thro' several narrow streets to a palace, and carried me into a spacious room, magnificently furnished, where he desired me to stay till he came. While my thoughts were full of the lady, there came in several others, all exceeding beautiful; but not one like her whom I expected. At last she enter'd unveil'd, came forward, and seated herself by me on a sofa. Her women ranged themselves on both sides. Come hither, young man, says she, I must

let you know, my stars incline me to do you a favour, if you devote your heart to me sincerely, a favour I never yet granted.

Prostrating myself at her feet, I cried, Ah sultana! to what high dignity do you design to advance a stranger? Tell me, replies she, of what country you are? Of what quality, and what brought you hither? I readily satisfied her curiosity, and added, that I designed to return home on the morrow; and tho' there were objects enough in this fine city to captivate the eyes of a stranger, nothing but her beauty was capable of detaining me. Then, replied she smiling, you now will not depart so hastily. After this treatment, madam, said I, how should I have any will but your's. Such sentiments, rejoins she, must endear you to me, and I repent not of my choice. She then bid me sit down by her on a sofa, and told me her name was *Canzade*, the only daughter of the king of *Serendib*'s grand visier; that by the death of her father she was possessed of an immense treasure, which it would be my fault not to divide with her.

While

While we were engaged in this discourse, tables were spread with variety of dishes, and delicate wines were presented. During the collation, she entertained me with gaiety and wit. She often drank a little to me, while I greedily sucked in the poison of love. Supper being over, the ladies women entertained us with songs and musick. When they had done, she called for a cup of wine, and looking upon me with tenderness, sung herself to the following purpose: "*Wine, by its soft heat, disposes the heart of a lady to mingle flames with her lover.*"

When I was about to depart, she cried, with an air of affliction: Will you leave me? I then told her how civilly I had been used by *Habib* my father's factor; that it would be cruel not to ease his pain for my staying out all night; but that I would return in less than an hour. She fearing, my wise host should detain me, would only suffer me to write to him what she dictated; which was as follows: "An affair of importance obliges me to put off my departure, and will detain me for some days. Be under no anxiety about me." &c.

When

When she had shewn me all over the palace, and it was time to go to rest, slaves were order'd to put me to bed. I knew not what to think of this affair, but was divided between hope and fear, and could get little sleep all night. When the sun arose, the rich furniture of the room dazzled my eyes. I got up. The slaves hearing me, enter'd with splendid apparel. I chose a robe of green silk embroider'd with gold. I was scarce dressed, when *Canzade* came, in and enquired how I slept? I told her that I had spent the night in such a manner, as became an impatient lover. She replied, I will be assured of your sincerity before I engage in a treaty on which my happiness or misery depends. I staid with her eight days, and was treated like a king.

One day, as we walked in the garden, *Aboul-fouaris*, says she, I flatter myself you love me. Give me your heart with your hand, and let us be joined together in wedlock. This speech of her's put me into great disorder. I knew she was of the sect of the *Guebres*, and I a *Mahometan*. The lady guessed the cause of my confusion by my looks, and said: I rather expected transports of joy, than this shocking consternation.

tion. I replied, my fair one, there is an unsurmountable obstacle, which prevents my happiness. My religion forbids me to marry a woman who is not of the faith of *Mabomet*. I expect then, rejoins she, that you worship the sun and the fire; that you abjure your own tenets, and profess mine. My silence gave her fresh provocation. She wept bitterly, and loaded me with reproaches. At length she grew more moderate, and said: I hope your mind will alter. I give you eight days to consider of it; and if you do not then comply with my desire, expect the highest resentment of an injured woman.

The time was now elapsed, and I was to know my fate. I had just dressed myself, when six of *Ganzade's* slaves conducted a band of strangers into my room, the chief of whom bid me follow him. I asked, whither I was to go; one of them answer'd, we are forbidden to tell you. They led me to the port, and put me on board a ship. Here the master told me, he was bound to *Golconda*, and that *Canzade* had given me to him for a slave, and charged him never to let me return to *Basra*. I grieved much for several days; however, at last I resolved to serve

ve my master faithfully. He was a good man, used me well, and I grew more and more in his favour.

After a long and dangerous passage we arrived at *Golconda*, in which capital our master was received like a man loved and respected by every body. A thousand caresses passed between him, his wife, and daughter. Then he presented me to the ladies as a slave, and desired them to accept of my service. I soon got into their good graces, and nothing was done well but what I did. *Dehabusch's* love for me daily increased, and he made a distinction between me and the rest of the slaves. *Aboulfaouaris*, said he one day, for I had told him my name, from the first moment I saw you, I took a fancy to you. You have seen my daughter; there is not a handsomer woman in this city. I am determined you shall marry her, having found she likes you. My lord, said I, the honour of being your son-in-law would be great, if you believed in *Mahomet*; but you are a *Gentile*. My daughter shall this moment turn *Mahometan*, replied he, and so will my wife; I am weary of worshipping calves and oxen; it is a
shock-

hocking piece of superstition. There certainly is a supreme being. Accept, therefore, my proposal.

Facrinnisa, tho' very amiable, and a match very advantageous to me, was at this time engaged to a merchant's son in the city, who loved her to distraction, and had often demanded her in marriage; but on occasion of a quarrel between the two families, was as often repulsed. Do you *Aboulfaouris* marry me, said she, and the next day put me away in a fit of anger; then make choice of my lover for your *Hulla*. I had no inclination to marry her. This indifference arose from the dear remembrance of *Canzade*; so I told her, that she should be satisfied; but added at the same time, I love my master, and he will reproach me with ingratitude. Leave that to me, replied she, I'll promise to appease my father's rage.

I assured her, that I was ready to comply with her request. We were married, and a few days after I repulsed her. *Dabaousch* came to me, and demanded the cause. I answer'd: fair *Facrinnisa* has given her heart to another, and I did

did this to prevent my possessing a woman against her will. He laugh'd at my delicacy, desired me to take her again, adding : she will love you by degrees. I seemingly consented, and went into the town to seek for a *Hulla*. Her father went home better satisfied, while I was looking about for *Facrinnisa's* lover, who was married to her before the *Cady*. They passed that night together, and he refused to put her away in the morning. I ran and told *Dabaousch* of it. Let me see who he is, said he. While we were talking the *Nayb* enter'd, and said: Signior *Dabaousch*, the *Hulla* your son-in-law, is the heir of merchant *Amer*, and desires you my patron to agree to the match; adding, I will make matters up between you and his friends soon. Hereupon a good understanding was again cultivated between the two families. The merriest thing of all was, my patron pitied me, and gave me a sum of money, with my liberty.

The same day I embarked in a vessel bound for *Surat*, in hopes to find there another to convey me to *Basra*; but being too much taken up with the curiosities in that city, one day

day as I was diverting myself in the gardens, an elderly man entered into discourse with me. He said he was a Gentile, had a ship of his own, and was wont every year to make a voyage. I told him my adventures, and put my trust in him. He seemed troubled, saying: I am naturally tenderhearted. I am old, rich, and have no children; then embraced me tenderly. In short, the result of our conversation was, that I should go home with him. The porter let us in, after which the old man made me bathe with him; then we sat down, and eat and drank so plentifully, that my host got very merry, and told me he had a secret to impart, as a proof of his affection to me. In 15 days, says he, I shall sail from *Saouala*, to an island where are found very valuable pearls, and which I visit once a year. You shall go with me. My late captain, whose favourite I was, having discovered these treasures to me before; I promised to go with him, provided he would contrive to convey a letter from me to my father, to let him know I was at *Surat*.

Depending upon *Hyssum's* care, for that was his name, I willingly embarked, and at the end

of three weeks we made a little desolate island, where we cast anchor. *Hyfoun* commanded all the seamen to remain on board, and only took me on shore with him. We had each in our hands a lighted torch to keep off the wild beasts, and proceeded in search of the pits. We found one very deep, at the foot of a mountain, in the middle of the island. He let me down into it by a rope, where I found pearls of an extraordinary size and beauty. I filled several bags with them, which he drew up, and when he had got as many as he could carry, he cried out to me: Farewell young man! I every year bring a Mussulman like thee to sacrifice in these pits. Ah! Wretched *Aboulfouris*, cried I, when will thy misfortunes end? But it was my credulity which occasioned it, and it was not in my power to escape what I was predestinated to suffer. I examined the bottom of the pit, which was of vast extent; I advanced boldly to an opening, where I thought I heard the fall of waters from the sea, which broke into this pit by subterraneous caverns. I threw myself into the waters, being almost suffocated before I was conveyed to the shore, and left near a crevice of the mountain. Here I recovered my senses,

and

and returned thanks to heaven for my deliverance; then rose and went round the island; at length spied a great ship sailing near. I made a signal, and the boat was ordered out to take me in. You may guess at my transport, when I here found that the captain of the vessel was a particular friend and acquaintance of my father's. I told him my adventure; and all the crew agreed to land in the island. We did so, went down into the pits by turns, and brought up abundance of fine pearls; then continued our voyage to *Serendib*, to sell our calicoes and buy cinnamon.

The weather proved favourable to us for some time. At last a violent storm arose, which drove us out of our course for six days. On the 8th we saw a mountain of vast extent, and very high whose sides looked like glass. Upon this an old seaman cried out: We are lost. We are held here by a charm, and cannot keep off the shore. The whole crew was struck with horror. For my own part, said I, I am not at all frightened. Let you and I, captain, endeavour to ascend the mountain, and there seek out a remedy for our misfortunes. We went on

shore, but it was with great difficulty we reached the top of it.

Here to our great astonishment, we saw a magnificent dome, on the top of which was a pillar of steel six cubits high. At the foot of it was fastened, with chains of gold, a little drum, round which were written in, in gold letters: "If any ship is so unfortunate as to
"come near this mountain, it can never get off,
"till one of the ship's company strike this drum
"three times with the stick. At the first stroke
"it will get off a little way: at the second it
"will lose sight of the mountain: at the third
"it may go where it will; but the man who
"strikes it must stay here, and let the others
"depart."

When we had read the inscription, we went back to the ship, but not a soul on board would sacrifice himself for the rest. I offered to stay, on condition the captain would go directly to *Basra*, give my father the pearls that belonged to me, and inform him what was become of me. They all swore to do as I required, then put me on shore. I climbed up the mountain,
struck

struck the drum, and the ship got off. I advanced forwards on the top of the mountain, which was about a league over. In less than an hour I spied a decrepit old man, sitting on a stone at the door of a hut. I prayed him to tell me why a ship within such a distance of the mountain was attracted to it? He told me they were attracted towards the mountain by the currents; but if I wanted to know the meaning of the drum, I must go to his brother, that was much older than he, who perhaps would give me some insight into the matter. His brother could not tell me, but said: My eldest brother, who lives but a few paces off, will inform you who is the author of the *Talisman* on the mountain. I went on, and asked the third old man about it, whom I thought the youngest. He said: We are called the three brothers of the mountain; I am 100 years old, but my never having either wife or children, occasions me to look younger than the other two. As for the *Talisman*, continued he, all I know of it is, that I was told when a boy, it was composed by an *Indian* cabbalist. I then enquired how far I was off from any part of the island that was inhabited. He answered: Keep to the path on

the right hand, it will lead you to a good city, where there is a very fine port.

I thanked him for his information, and by his direction came to a very large city, where trade seemed to flourish, and saw a great number of ships in the port. While I stood surveying them, I was accosted by *Habib*, my father's tutor at *Serendib*. Who could have thought, said I, that we should have ever met again! I then told him my adventure with *Canzade*. He told me he was bound to *Serendib*, and in twentyfour hours would make the best of his way thither. After an ill passage, we at last arrived at the desired port; where I one morning went out to enquire in what condition *Canzade* was; resolving, if possible, to see her. I did not go far before I met with one of her slaves, who by her order, was sent for the captain to whom I was delivered. He stopped me, saying, he was not pleased with that commission, and hoped, I was of the like opinion. I am, said I, giving him a ring. My Lord, replied the slave *Canzade's* affairs are much altered within these two months. The king obliged her to marry an old lord of the court, who was in love with her

her. Seeing me concerned at this news, he added: It was your own fault; why did not you renounce your prophet? I do not know continued he, whether it may be proper to tell my mistress that you are in town; but as your grief is such, I will not deprive you of all consolation; one of her women shall tell her of it; let her also know at the same time, the thoughts of losing her distracts you; and that you heartily lament her being joined to a man she cannot love. I agreed, and he swore he would do as I desired.

A full month passed, without hearing a word from *Canzade*, which made me imagine I should hear from her no more. This reflection caused me to retire to a country seat *Habib* had about four leagues from the city. Here I spent my time in viewing the country; and one day walking by a river side, I came near a magnificent pagod, where the remains of mortality are burnt, and the wives sacrifice themselves to the *Manes* of their husbands. I observed at a small distance, several gentiles employed in building a kind of hut, with combustible materials. I went to them and asked what they were doing?

They answered: One of the chief lords of the court is dead, whose body is to be burnt in five or six hours, and his faithful wife is to be consumed in the same pile.

At the time appointed for this shocking spectacle, I saw several persons carried on palanquins, with slaves marching before them, some bearing banners, others founding trumpets, among whom was the governor of *Serendib*, mounted on an elephant, attended by twelve persons, and sitting under a tent, erected on the back of the elephant. About three hours after above 30000 men, women, and children, assembled about the cabin. I jostled thro' the crowd, and saw about a score of priests, who fell on their knees before the victim appeared.

When it began to be dark *Canzade* approached, mounted on a white palfrey, attended by twelve women on horseback, with gold rings and bracelets. They had pearl necklaces, diamond ear-rings, and on their heads crowns of gold. Her husband's corps was brought to the side of a rivulet that ran near the pile. Here she washed it all over, then delivered it to the priests,

priests, who laid it on a heap of straw mixed with sulphur. She then walked round it, washed her face and hands, embraced her women, gave them their liberty, and prepared for the sacrifice with great intrepidity. I drew near the pile, and when she lifted up the silver plate which covered her face; how was I surprized to see it was *Canzade*. Great God! said I, can I bear this sight! I saw her delivered into the hands of the priests, and led by them into the cabbin, who exhorted her to behave so as to merit future happiness. She lighted a torch to set fire to the pile, and I, overwhelmed with grief inexpressible, returned to *Habib's* country seat; to which he came that evening.

He demanded the cause of my melancholy. I am surprized, replied he, that this lady should perish for the sake of an old lord whom she did not love, when she is not compelled to make him that sacrifice. The governor, by his majesty's orders, always examines those widows who demand to be burned. He endeavours to dissuade them from it, and will never allow them to die, but on account of their own obstinacy; and few sacrifice themselves, but such as are per-

suaded their voluntary death will procure eternal happiness. So that *Canzade*, to have a statue erected to her memory in the pagod, has been goaded on to suffer death without terror.

While my host was talking to me in this manner, and using all possible means to divert me, a slave came into his house, and enquired for me. I knew him to be the same I met on my arrival at *Serendib*. He called me aside, and said: Signior, my mistress valued herself upon her heroick virtue, and consented to be made a sacrifice to a person she did not love, purely to gain the veneration of the gentiles. I am now the slave of another lady as beautiful as *Canzade*, who loves you more. On hearing you were departing for *Surat*, she sent me to inform you of this advantageous incident.

I am obliged to be ungrateful, said I, for *Canzade's* Image is ever before me. I can relish no other object. I refused to see her, imagining after this I should never more be troubled with the slave or his lady: however, the former returned the same night with a billet; the purport of which was;

“Your

“Your conversation with my slave afforded
“me more joy than grief. It heightens the im-
“patience I have to see you; and if you are
“really taken up so much with the thoughts of
“*Canzade*, we shall both be soon satisfied.”

Tho’ I knew not what to think of this, after a short pause, I determined to follow the slave, who conducted me to a mean apartment, and bid me stay till he brought his lady. Imagine my condition, when I knew her to be the princess *Canzade*. *Aboulfaouaris*, said she, I did not design to fright you; I am in reality still alive. She then told me how one of the priests, for a sum of money, saved her from the flames. My dear princess, replied I, you needed not have dissembled so far; there was no force put upon you. Yes, rejoined the lady; I was under a necessity to act that part, when my design was to put you in the place of my husband, and to abjure idolatry. Ah! my queen, said I, and did you do this for my sake? Saying this, I threw myself at her feet; You have this moment made me the happiest of mortals. She raised me, and replied: You have but little reason to boast of your felicity. *Canzade* is not so valuable a pri-

prize. She is no longer in possession of those riches which she offer'd you with her person. The priests shared a great part of them, and the governor made me pay dear for leave to burn myself. How cruel are you, replied I, to imagine that my love was founded upon interest? No, no, my charming *Canzade*, when you exposed all your wealth to my view, I call heaven to witness, that my whole soul was fixed upon your person only.

After this we agreed to embark for *Basra* as soon as possible. I took leave of my host, and in the night took with me some faithful slaves, who carried her jewels on board a vessel bound to *Surat*. Here we met with another about to sail for *Basra*; at which place we arrived safe, after a pleasant passage. My father's joy to see me was inexpressible, and he received *Canzade* very favourably. The next day my father and I waited on the *Cady* with the lady, where she abjured the idolatry, in which she was educated. He then asked her consent, and we were married accordingly. The rejoycings lasted fifteen days.

Con-

Continuation of the Adventures of
ABOULFOUARIS.

VOYAGE II.

I was now in possession of my beloved *Canzade*; we enjoyed the delights of a perfect union, and prayed to heaven for the duration of our happiness. But alas! our lives are chequer'd with joy and misery. Soon after our marriage my father died, and divided his estate between me and my brother, whose name was *Hour*. He laid out all his fortune in the purchase of a ship and merchandize for *Malabar*. His ship was cast away; and tho' he saved his life, he returned a beggar. I set him up again, but he met with the same fate. Hereupon I advised him to comfort himself for his losses, and live at ease with me. My time was wholly employ'd in contriving how to please *Canzade*, while my brother walked about, and diverted himself with his friends. We both loved expence, and in a few years my income, which was very considerable, became greatly impaired. I therefore enter'd into partnership with a rich merchant,
and

and resolved to go and trade to the kingdom of *Golconda*.

My partner was a very honest man, and we bought goods proper for *Surat*, where we intended to take in others more suitable for our voyage.

The day before my departure, I broke from the arms of *Canzade*, and bid my brother adieu, adding: I leave the charge of my house to you, and besure to defend my wife against any ill-designing Persons till my return. He boasted much of his honour, and promised fidelity. We set sail with a fair wind, and arrived at *Surat*, sold our merchandize, and bought a cargo fit for the market of *Golconda*; where after some fatigue we arrived, and disposed of our goods to advantage. My partner well-knowing the value of diamonds, we laid out most of our stock in that commodity, which he assured me would pay us 400 *per Cent* at *Bagdad*. After this we embarked for *Basra*.

On our return we met With a storm, Which
drove us on a rock at the point of a desert
island,

island, where the ship and all the crew perished, except my partner and I, who both leaped into the boat, and rowed to shore. The very moment we were about to land, a large crocodile struck his tail against the boat, and dashed it in pieces; at the same time stretching open his jaws, seized my partner. In the mean time I reached the shore, and run up into the island. I came first to a fountain, whose water was as white as milk, and the taste of it more delicious than the best sherbet. I then gather'd some herbs which grew near, and found them excellent food. From this fountain I went to a wood, which I enter'd; and, having gone about 300 paces, came to a flowery meadow, which perfumed the air with its odours. In the middle of the meadow stood a very high spreading tree, under which was a tent of brocade, and in that was a man lying upon a couch. Near him lay a dragon, holding in his mouth a box of balm, which he frequently put to the old man's nose. I was much terrified at this sight, and hid myself in the wood, to observe what would become of the man. I had not waited long, before the dragon flew into the air, and was out of sight in a moment. I then returned to
the

the tent, where I found a person who seemed to be about 120 years old; yet living, tho' in a state of death. I survey'd him a while, then took up the gold casket on which he leaned his hand, opened it, and took out two tables, on which was written; "*Asef* son of *Barkia*, and
"grand visier of *Solomon*, is the old man that
"rests in this tent; which he raised, and laid
"himself upon this couch, where he died, ha-
"ving wrote these words, and put them into this
"casket. Let all who enter upon this island be
"of good courage, for they must soon perish,
"if they are not proof against the greatest dan-
"gers. If they fear nothing, let them go to
"the west side of the isle. At the foot of the
"mountain they will find an opening: let them
"enter it boldly, and go forward till they come
"to a meadow, at which they will be astoni-
"shed. 'Tis by this alone they can obtain their
"wishes.

Having read these words, I kissed the tables, fell on my knees, and, lifting my eyes unto heaven, cried out: Pity me, O God! let me not perish in this dismal place. Then marching on towards the west, came to the foot of a mountain,

tain, where I saw an opening. Tho' dreadful dark, I enter'd it with good courage, and proceeded on for 20 hours all on a descend. I at last beheld the light of day, by which I was led into a meadow full of various fragrant flowers, and fine fruit-trees. Much fatigued, I lay down on the grass, and fell asleep. When I awoke, to my great surprize, I saw 10 or 15 black genies about me.

One of them said to me: Son of *Adam*, what brought thee here? I told them all, and being fore troubled, they conducted me to the king. Oh! *Iman*, said he, what is the cause of your sorrow? I told him. After a short pause, he replied: Since you have a wife whom you love, and are thus uneasy about her, I freely give you leave to depart; and, as a mark of my affection, will cause a genie to transport you to *Basra*. A genie at that time passing by in a cloud, he asked whither he was going; to which answer was made: I am going on a good errand to *Basra*. If so, says the king's prophet, you must then do me a piece of service. Carry this *Mussulman* to *Basra*, and set him down at his own door.

In less than 12 hours, he transported me to my own house. It was dark when I knocked at the door. A slave opened it, and, observing what a figure I cut, refused me admittance. I told him I was his master. Upon this he went and told my wife, who came herself to me, and gave a horrible shriek. What is the matter, said I; Is it possible for *Aboulfaouaris* to frighten *Canzade*? Call *Hour*, continued I, let me speak to my brother. He came and survey'd me very strictly, declaring he did not know me. My brother was handsome, said he, but you are ugly. I knew I was alter'd, but was surprized that my wife and my brother should forget my features. Have not you, said I, knowledge of your once beloved husband? when a young man coming to me said: I have married *Canzade*.

I looked with indignation upon *Hour* and my wife, and cried out: What do I hear? Has *Canzade*, said I, whose constancy I really thought equal to my own, married another man? The next day we all four went to the *Cady*. My lord, says the young man, I was married to *Canzade* yesterday; our marriage is not consummated; but this man coming last night and pre-

pretending to be her former husband, disturbs our happiness.

The *Cady* knew *Aboulfaouaris*, and said, I was not like him; then turning to *Canzade*, said: What do you think of it, fair lady? If I was to judge by my eye, my lord, replied she, it is not he; but my ear tells me his voice is the voice of *Aboulfaouaris*. Ah! judge of the *Musfulmen*, said I, be careful of deciding this affair too precipitately. If I am altered, it is by living so long under ground with the genies. What's that you say, rejoins the *Cady*, can a mortal man live under ground? Without doubt, replied I, and if you please, I will give you an account of what has befallen me. Here the young man interrupted me, saying: He has a romantic story ready to deceive you. Hold your tongue, says the *Cady* to him, then turning to me, said: Speak, I will hear you.

I told him the whole story; after which, he said: I must own, what this man says is not very probable; yet, as the affair before me is of great importance, you must all four go to *Aly*, the son-in-law of *Mahomet*, and the great

Omar commander of the faithful, will give a decisive judgment. We all set out directly for *Medina*, and went to *Omar's* palace, who conducted us to the *Raouze*, where we found *Aly* at prayers on the prophet's tomb. *Aly* asked my name, which when he heard, he cried out in a transport: This man is no impostor. For *Mahomet*, my father-in-law, gave me notice that a man called *Aboulfouaris* would one day come hither, and inform me of wonderful things. The day is come, and I long to satisfy my curiosity. I then once more related my adventures; with which *Omar* and *Aly* were mightily pleased. Then *Omar* dismissed the young man, and gave me my *Canzade*, with 200,000 sequins of gold, 100 slaves, and 100 camels.

The king of *Damascus*, now fully convinced, there was no man in the world who had not something to trouble him, said: Those are the happy persons whose afflictions are most supportable.

The

*The History of NASIRADDOLE, King of
Moufel; ABDERRAHMANE, a Merchant
of Bagdad, and the FAIR ZEINEB.*

A*bderrahmane* was a young rich merchant of *Bagdad*, who lived like a person of quality. All the people of distinction in the city were welcome to his table, and his bounty was equal to his hospitality. He one day enter'd into a *Fiquaa* shop; and seeing a genteel stranger sitting by himself, he sat down at the same table. They, from this time, enter'd into a strict friendship. The stranger was soon obliged to go to *Moufel*. I shall soon be there myself, says *Abderrahmane*; where shall I find you? At the king's palace, says the stranger; there you will know who I am, and fear not a hearty welcome.

Soon after the merchant's affairs called him to *Moufel*. The first thing he there set about, was to seek for his friend. He went to the king's palace, and view'd every one's face he met, to find the unknown man he loved. He

at last perceived him in the middle of a crowd of courtiers, and doubted not but he was the sovereign. The monarch soon cast his eyes upon him, and advanced to receive him. The young merchant fell at his feet. The king raised and embraced him, then led him into his closet; which kind reception amazed the whole court, insomuch as the favourite nobles grew jealous of him, and their jealousy soon turned to hatred.

The king caress'd him in an extraordinary manner, and said, he loved him better than any of his courtiers; adding, such is the misfortune of the great, that they can never be sure that the affection of those who pretend to love them, is sincere; but you made me a tender of your friendship, without the least knowledge of me, and I can now boast that I have one friend. You shall reside in my palace while you stay at *Mouzel*.

The merchant lived a whole year with *Nasraddole*, when he received advice, that his affairs at *Bagdad* required his speedy return; to which the king, with some reluctance consented. The merchant came home, readily repaired

paired the losses he had sustained during his absence, and began to live at a greater expence than before. He bought new slaves of all nations; among the rest was a female who was born at *Circassia*, about 18 years old, and one of the most perfect creatures that ever was seen; her name was *Zeineb*. *Abderrabmane* conceived a violent passion for her, and she loved him with equal ardour.

While they were tasting the sweets of mutual affection, the king of *Mouzel* arrived at *Bagdad*, and went directly to the young merchant's house, saying to him: I have a mind to see the *Calif's* court *incog*. I love to mingle among private people, and must own the time I have spent in this manner has been the happiest part of my life. The king boasted that he had in his seraglio the handsomest slaves in all the world. The merchant's love for *Zeineb* caused him to oppose his royal guest, and to extol the charms of the *Circassian*. You are in love with her, replied the king. This said, *Abderrabmane* whisper'd an eunuch, and bid him order all his women to dress themselves in their richest apparel, and come into the lightest room of his palace;

then returning, said: My lord, you shall be judge if I am not right.

The eunuch, who was sent on this errand, came in and told the king and his master, they were all together, and not one of them had forgot to shew her charms. The merchant instantly led his majesty into a magnificent apartment, where 30 young and beautiful women were diverting themselves, sitting on a sofa of rose-colour'd silk. On the entrance of their master and his guest, they all rose from their seats. As grand a prince as *Nasiraddole* was, he readily confessed he had none more beautiful. He then examined them one by one; and when *Zaïneb* came before him, he said with transport: this, I suppose, is the fair *Circassian*! Yes, my lord, said he, did you ever see any think like her.

The king of *Moussel* making no reply, the merchant presumed he had boasted too much of her beauty.

The next morning the young merchant waited on him, when, to his great surprize, he found

found him greatly discomposed. Why, my lord, are you so pensive? said he. Ah! my friend, replied the king, I will this moment depart for *Moufel*. The young merchant pressed him to discover the cause of his uneasiness, and at parting the secret came out. I will tell you, said the king, I adore *Zeineb*; I have sucked in the fatal poison, which will make my life miserable. Let not your friendship upbraid me; alas! I shall pay for it dearly. Having said this, he left the house, and took the road to *Moufel*.

Ah wretch that I am! said *Abderrahmane*, how imprudent was I to let him have the sight of *Zeineb*, who is a king as superior in virtue as dignity. Shall I strike a sword into his heart? No, no, my dear prince, I will yield her up to you, if I perish for my gratitude. This said, he order'd a litter to be got ready, sent for *Zeineb*, and told her she was no more his. The king of *Moufel* my friend has a violent love for you, and I present him with your person. She burst into tears, crying: Is it possible you should forsake me, after having sworn so often an eternal love. Ah faithless! some new charmer has taken possession of your heart! My

soul melted to hear her. If so, says she, I am of all my sex the most miserable. If your friendship is an over-match for your love, my love shall be an over-match for your friend, was he greater than *Solomon*. However, the officers put her into a litter with an old female slave; and they follow'd the king to *Mousel*.

Zeineb no sooner came to the palace, than one of her guards informed his majesty of her arrival. O *Abderrahmane*, cried he, thou art a friend, indeed, who preferrest my happiness to thy own! He then sent the chief of his eunuchs to receive her, and gave her one of the most magnificent apartments in the palace, whither he soon after came to visit her, and observed her sorrow.

Fair lady, says he, I find you are more sensible of the loss of a man you love, than of the conquest of a king. My lord, replied *Zeineb*, I must conform my sentiments to the destiny which brought me hither, and am proud of being introduced to such a virtuous prince as you. I wish I could blot the thoughts of the ingrate from my memory. But ah! I dote on
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the traitor. At this she broke out into a flood of tears. Ah! charming angel, replied he, deny me not the hope of flattering myself, that time may alter your present resolution.

In the mean time *Abderrahmane* fell into a deep melancholy for the loss of his fair slave. He had been in this way near three months, when on a sudden the grand visier sent his officers to apprehend him, and put him into prison. The keeper of the prison went in the night, and told him, that his sentence was, to have his house razed, and himself to be beheaded the next day. But, my lord, continued he, you have done me service, and gratitude obliges me to make you some acknowledgment. Begone from this prison, the gates are open. I thanked the keeper for his generosity; but at the same time added: you hazard your own, to save my life. However, I went out of prison to a friend's house; the next morning the grand visier being informed of my escape, sent for the keeper: Thou villain, says he, thou has suffered a traitor to escape; cause him to appear before me in 24 hours, or thou shalt undergo the punishment which for him was intended. — I open-

opened the doors, replied the keeper, and am ready to expiate my crime by the death you prepared for the most honest and innocent man in *Bagdad*. What proof have you of his innocence, says the visier? His own word, replied the keeper, and he is not capable of saying any thing that is false. Do you know the young merchant's accusers? Dread the spilling of innocent blood.

These words, which the keeper pronounced with some warmth, made the visier resolve to search into the bottom of this affair; but as he had order'd the young merchant's house to be razed, and his effects to be confiscated, the bait was too tempting not to order the *Cady* and his *Asas* to make strict search after him, and to order the keeper into strict durance.

When they had made diligent search for about a month, to no manner of purpose, *Abderrabmane* determined to go to *Moussel*. His danger made him lose no time. When he arrived there, the noise of it was spread thro' the palace, and reached the king's ear. That prince immediately whisper'd his treasurer to give him 200 sequins

sequins of gold to trade with; but to charge him not to return to the palace till the end of six months. The treasurer executed his commission with honour and honesty. But the young merchant was exceedingly surprized, and said: Have I done any thing to offend his majesty? Do not afflict yourself, replies the treasurer, the king loves you, and has his reasons for what is done at this juncture. Act according to his desire, and you, perhaps, will have no cause to repent it. I used all possible means to improve this little stock; but industry will not always succeed in trade. If fortune is not the merchant's friend, all ^{is} care but little avail. Notwithstanding all the pains I took, at the end of six months I wanted 50 sequins of my principal stock. With the remainder I went to the treasurer, and told him, I had sunk one fourth of the principal. The treasurer instantly told me out 50 sequins, and sayd: Go try your fortune once more, and come to me again six months hence.

Abderrahmane could not tell what to make of this usage; but yet resolved to do as the king had order'd. He enter'd a second time in-
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to trade, and at the six months end gained 100 sequins; then returned to the treasurer, telling him, that he had now better luck, having advanced his principal to 300. Well then, replied the treasurer, I will conduct you to the king. No sooner did that prince see him, but he rose and embraced him, saying: Ah my dear friend, you had reason to expect a more agreeable reception from me. But I heard of your disgrace, and durst not take you into my palace till the storm was blown over.

Nasiraddole, hereupon, gave the young merchant an apartment in the palace. They spent the first day in mirth and jollity. When night came on, the king said: I must make you some acknowledgment for your favour in giving me the young slave you loved. I pretend to give you her equal, and even her who is most dear to me, upon condition, that you will marry her. My lord, replied the young merchant, I humbly thank your majesty for this kind offer; but I can love no woman but *Zeineb*, and hope you will lay me under no constraint. As full as your heart is of *Zeineb*, replies the king, I greatly question whether you can look on this

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person, and not love her. All I demand is, that you will see and talk with her.

When *Abderrahmane* retired to his apartment, the chief of the eunuchs came to him, followed by a lady veiled, and withdrew. The young merchant prayed her to sit down, and placed himself by her, saying: Fair lady, I am satisfied, that you are afraid that I am ready to accept of the king's generous offer; but be under no apprehension that I shall do you so much violence. I love him too well to rob him of the object which he adores; and hope you will not be offended. At this speech, she burst out a laughing, lifted up her veil, and he beheld his dear *Zeineb*. Elated with joy, he clasped her in his arms, crying out: Is it you? Is it you I see? Ah princess! Why did you not discover yourself on your first entrance, when his majesty was so good as to restore you into my possession? My dear, replied she, all the arts and pains he took to make me love him proving ineffectual, he detained me here only to give me to my beloved.

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They wasted that night in mutual expressions of approaching felicity. In the morning the king came to visit them. They fell at his feet; he raised them, and said: Happy lovers! Live here, and taste the blessings of futurity. To engage your hearts by stricter ties, you shall this day be married; and I will not only assign you pensions, but also give you 20,000 acres of land, exempt from all taxes. What added to their happiness was, *Abderrahmane* the same day received advice from *Bagdad*, that one of his accusers, stung with remorse, discovered the whole plot to the grand visier, who, on his deposition, had put his accomplice to death, pardoned the keeper, and declared the young merchant innocent. This intelligence called him to *Bagdad*, where he waited on the visier, who restored to him part of his effects, which he made a present of to the keeper of the prison where he was first confined; then hastened back to his beloved *Zeineb*, and spent the remainder of his days in ease and tranquility.

The History of REPSIMA.

D*ukin*, a merchant of *Basra*, left off business on a sudden, and gave himself up to devotion. He had an only daughter, who was educated in the fear of the most high, and in the practice of all moral virtues.

Repsima, for that was the daughter's name, tho' exceeding careful to hide herself from the sight of man, was nevertheless found out in her retirement. The fame of her virtue drew to her several lovers, who demanded her in marriage. *Dukin* reflecting upon the smallness of his fortune, was willing she should marry some rich merchant; but fearing of doing violence to her inclination, would not propose to her a husband: she on the other hand determined not to abandon her father.

At length *Dukin* died, and after his funeral was over, the whole family advised her to marry a young merchant called *Temin*; which she did soon after. She found in him all the good things which had been said of him. He loved
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her passionately. But alas! his happiness was of short duration. Tremble, ye mortals, when you are at the height of your wishes!

They had not been married twelve months, before he was obliged to make a voyage to *India*. He left the care of his affairs to *Revendè* his brother; and charged him to make *Repfima* chearful during his absence. He answered: The ties of blood and friendship will not allow me to act otherwise. Confiding in this promise, *Termin* departed, and raised his sinking spirits with the hopes of her security. But soon after his embarkation, *Revendè* fell violently in love with his sister. She dissuaded him from it, and represented to him the ill consequences of his amour. Oh! my queen, said he, our commerce shall be above the reach of scandal. Do not flatter yourself, replied she, I would rather die in torture, than gratify your brutish passion. Is not my husband your brother?

Ravendè finding he could not corrupt her, meditated revenge; and one night when she was at prayers, stole to her chamber, with four witnesses whom he had suborned, saying: Ah? wretch,

wretch, have I surprized thee with a man. Thou makest a shew of virtue, but committest the most infamous actions. By this artifice, his sister-in-law passed for an adulteress. Not contented with spreading this scandalous report, he summoned her before the *Cady*, with the four witnesses. *Repsima* was, upon their evidence, condemned to be buried alive in the highway.

The victim, in pursuance of her sentence, was conducted three leagues from the city, and buried up to her neck in the ground. She being left in the road in this shocking condition, an *Arabian* robber passed by on horseback. Stranger, cries she, whoever thou art, save my life, who am unjustly buried alive. The *Arab*, tho' a thief, was struck with compassion, and said, this charitable action may, perhaps, induce the most high to pardon my former villainies. He alighted, took *Repsima* out of the grave, and set her behind him. My lord, cries she, whither are you carrying me? To my wife, replied he; who is the best woman in the world.

The robber came to the tents, in which lived the *Arabian* plunderers, and delivered the lady

to his wife. After *Repsima* had related her story, she was sensible of her misfortunes, and promised to assist her. My good lady, says *Repsima*, if I stay with you, give me a corner of your tent, where I may spend my time in thanksgiving to heaven for my deliverance. She instantly assign'd me a little room. But alas! my troubles were not yet at an end.

The negro who drove the cattle to field, and looked after the horses, was struck with my beauty; but being repulsed with indignation, resolved to be revenged on me. There was a child in the cradle, of which my deliverer and his wife were very fond. One night *Calid*, that was the negroes name, cut off it's head, and laid the scimeter, with which he did it, under my bed. The next morning, as soon as the *Arab* and his wife saw the bloody spectacle, they tore their faces, and threw ashes over their own heads. *Calid* pretending ignorance, ran in a hurry to ask the reason of their sorrow. They shewed him the cradle, the blood, and the dead child. He cried out: Oh detestible murder! adding, but the murderer, methinks, may be discovered by the tracks of the blood;

blood; which they followed to *Repsima's* room, where the negro pulled out the bloody scimeter. Ah wretch, says the *Arab* to me, why hast thou shed the blood of my only son! I remained silent. Strike her head off with the same scimeter, says the negro. I fell into a flood of tears. No, replied the *Arab*, I will first hear what she has to offer in her own vindication. His wife, tho' inconsolable for the loss of her son, could not think *Repsima* was capable of doing this wickedness. They both at length were of the same opinion, and instead of taking away my life, bid me quit the tent immediately, as my presence might renew their grief.

Repsima travelled all day, and in the evening came to a great city and port: here she took up her lodging at an old woman's, who was highly moved with her story. The next day the old hostess went with her to see the public baths. In the way, they saw a young man with his hands tied, and a rope about his neck, leading to execution. She asked the crime he was guilty of: was answer'd, he was a debtor, and it was the custom of that city to hang those who did not pay their creditors.

How much does he owe? says *Repsima*. Sixty sequins, says one of the inhabitants. The creditor was called for, the money paid, and the young man was set at liberty. Every one longed to know who this stranger was. To avoid the curiosity of the inhabitants, she left the city; but the young man, whom she had saved from death, being told which way she went, overtook her near a fountain, and, as a specimen of his gratitude, offer'd to be her slave; but she refused him.

Presently after he made a declaration of his love; but she flew into a rage, and upbraided him with insolence; adding, begone, and do not make me repent of saving thy life. He made no answer, but proceeded on to the sea-side, where he saw a ship's crew just coming ashore, belonging to a merchant of *Basra*, who were bound to *Serendib*. He told the captain he had a beautiful slave to sell, not far off; and offer'd her to him for 300 sequins. As soon as the captain saw her, he paid down the money, and gladly took her on board; but after some days, finding she shewed no signs of love for all his favours, he lost all patience, and resolved to
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force her into a Complacency. As he was going to put his resolution in practice, a storm arose, which sunk the ship. Every soul perished except *Repsima* and the captain, who were thrown on shore in two different places. *Repsima* was driven by the waves on the coast of a populous island, governed by a queen.

When she landed, a great many of the inhabitants stood by the sea-side, who, seeing her float upon the water, and come on shore, thought it miraculous. She told them her adventures, and implored them to give her a place of refuge. The inhabitants were so taken with her wit, beauty, and virtue, that they allotted her a place of retirement, which she dedicated to prayer; and, at length, became their oracle.

The queen of the island took such a liking to her, that, at her death, she bequeathed to her the crown. The people applauded her choice. When she ascended the throne, she applied herself to the affairs of government, chose men of probity for her officers, and took care to do justice to all her subjects. The more she was honour'd by mortals, the more she humbled

herself before the Almighty. When any sick person came to her, and desired her aid, she pray'd for their recovery, and heaven granted her petitions. The inhabitants could not withstand so many miracles; therefore renounced the worship of the sun, and embraced the religion of *Mahomet*.

She erected caravanferails for strangers, hospitals for the poor, and infirmaries for the sick and lame; which latter became so famous, that foreigners frequently resorted to them for relief.

One day *Repsina* being informed that there were six strangers in a caravanferail, all diseased, who requested to speak with her; she order'd them to be brought before her throne. She was veiled. The strangers prostrated themselves at the foot of the throne, she bid them rise, and then commanded them to tell what they demanded, and from whence they came; adding: I can do nothing for you unless you tell me your adventures in publick, without omitting the least circumstance. Oh princess! says one, you shall be obey'd.

I am

I am a merchant of *Basra*, called *Temin*, who married a young woman that had not her fellow in the world. She was beautiful, genteel, good-natur'd, and virtuous. Being obliged to make a voyage to *India*, I left her to her liberty, desiring my brother, who is this blind man, to manage and assist her in my domestick affairs. When I returned, he told me, she was found guilty of adultery, and had been buried alive; and cried to that degree, as took away his eye-sight. I come therefore, and implore your majesty's assistance. Dost thou think, replies the queen, that woman, who was buried alive, did betray thee? I cannot believe it, answer'd *Temin*, when I call to mind her virtue. But alas! the blind confidence I place in my brother, has sometimes made me question her innocence.

Then the queen said to him: I know much better than you, whether your wife was guilty or not. Come again to-morrow, and I will see if I can recover your brother. After this one of *Temin's* company addressed himself to *Repshima*, saying: I bought a negroe slave, bred him up from a child, and he has been afflicted with

the dead palsy on one side for some years, and I have brought him hither to desire your majesty's prayers. The queen knowing the person who spoke to her in the negro's behalf, was the *Arab*, in whose tent she lived, and that the black slave was the same as had made an attempt on her virtue, said: I know your affair, come to-morrow; then turning to the third, she asked how he came to be dropical. Oh great queen! replied he, I know not what to attribute it to, unless it be a judgment on me, for offering violence to a fair slave I bought of a young man sometime ago, near the sea side. At these words the queen looked in his face, and perceived him to be the captain to whom she had been sold. And I, says another stranger, am continually haunted with furies, for selling that same slave which you carried aboard. I owed my life to her, and the acknowledgment I made her for it, was to sell her to you for a slave. Alas! how much greater is my guilt.

Repfima knew them all, promised to offer up her prayers for their recovery, and ordered them to come again on the morrow. They all
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fix returned to the caravanferail; four of them well satisfied, having told her the truth; but the brother of *Temin* and the negro slave were very melancholy, and had rather have lived under their afflictions, than have been obliged to discover their treason and cruelty.

However, they all came before her throne the next day. Well, says the queen, three of you have hid nothing from me. Wo be to that man who speaks not the truth! Then the negro slave approached her, and foreseeing it was vain to tell a lye, confessed the whole truth; told what passed in the *Arab's* tent, and the murder of the child. Vile traytor! says his master, I will sever thy head from thy body this moment. No, replies the queen, you shall not take away his life. Since he repents of his crime, let us pray to the almighty to forgive him. She then fell on her knees at the foot of the throne, and immediately the dead part of the negro's body recovered its motion. The dropfical man, and he that was possessed with evil spirits also, were both cured, in sight of all her courtiers. Oh *Revendè*, cried *Temin*, it is now thy turn to speak. If he mixes the least fal-

falsehood, in relating his story, adds the queen, his punishment is ready. Oh great princess! says *Revendè*, I repent of betraying my brother; and proceeded to make a moving confession of his villainy, without the least excuse.

Temin hereupon fell into a fit, and as soon as he recovered, prostrated himself before the throne, and cried out: Oh my princess! permit me to carry this perfidious brother of mine back to *Basra*. I will lead him to the very spot where my dear wife was buried, and there sacrifice him to her *Manes*. Cure him not, his crime is too great to be forgiven.

The queen made no answer, weeping all the while under her veil; but at length, having wiped her eyes, thus spoke to *Temin*: Oh merchant of *Basra*, I conjure thee to mitigate thy rage for my sake. Thy brother indeed has committed a heinous offence; but he publickly confesses it, and reproaches himself with the guilt. Consider, and as his blood runs in your veins, remit his punishment. *Temin* replied: Your majesty may command me. The merchant had no sooner told the queen he pardoned *Ravendè*,
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than she prayed to heaven to restore him to sight; and he that very instant saw day.

The whole assembly praised god and her majesty. Then she ordered the strangers to retire, and come again the next day. They returned at the time appointed, when the queen called *Temin*, and set him in a chair of gold, saying, Oh merchant of *Basra*! thou hast undergone various afflictions. Thou shalt marry my fairest slave, and live in my court. At this *Temin* fell a weeping, and said, I must refuse your majesty's proposal; I can think of no other spouse than *Repsima*, and will devote the residue of my life in mourning over the place where she was buried alive. The queen overjoyed to find her husband so faithful, lifted up her veil, and *Temin* knew his *Repsima*. The princess embraced him, and told her adventures to the whole court, which they heard with admiration.

*The Conclusion of the History of the
Princess of CASHMIRE.*

Here *Sutlumene* left off telling stories, the prince *Farrukrouz* being taken ill. His father, loving him exceedingly, had recourse to the chief priest of the temple of *Kesaya*, who promised to intercede with the idol, to restore his health. Next morning the king waited on the priest to be informed if he had procured a cure for his son. Yes, sir, replied the priest; permit me to accompany you to the palace. Having entered the prince's room with a mysterious look, he said a prayer, when *Farrukrouz*, who had been long speechless, cried out: I am well!

Farruknaz, his sister, astonished at this miracle, resolved to pay a visit to the high-priest, but was forbid to come into the temple. The princess resented this usage, and complained of it to her father. The next morning *Togrulbey* demanded of the priest, the cause of her repulse. My lord, replied the *Dervis*, the princess does
not

not obey the most high. She looks upon men as her enemies, and is deaf to the dictates of nature: but I will do her all the good I can.

Sometime after the king went again, when the *Dervis* informed him the great *Kesaya* had condescended to confer with the princess. *Togrulbey* told his daughter of it, who went to the temple next day. When the high-priest entered, he said, Oh *Farruknaz*! You are under the power of satan. I prayed to great *Kesaya* to have compassion on you; and he promises to deliver you from the enemy, on condition you follow my counsel. To this she agreed. Then, says the *Dervis*, you must take pity of a young prince who languishes for you. How can I relieve him, said she, if I know not who he is? It is, replied the high-priest, no less a person than *Farrukschad*, prince of *Persia*; and it is written on the table of predestination, that you must marry him. *Kesaya* commands it. She swore to obey him. Then says the high-priest you must instantly quit your father's court, and go with me and *Sutlumeme* this very night.

The

The king agreed. The next morning they arrived in a meadow enamelled with sweet-smelling flowers; at the end of which was a garden walled round with white marble. They alighted, and sat down on the brink of a rivulet; but observed the *Dervis* turn pale on a sudden. The princess asked the cause of his disorder. Ah! said he, this beautiful place is the habitation of the witch *Mehrefza*. If she sees us, we perish. But I will gain immortal glory, or die in the attempt. You two stay here, and, if I come not back in an hour, be assured I have failed of success. This said, he drew his sabre, and enter'd the magician's garden.

About half an hour after, he came back to them, and smiling said: Thanks to the Almighty, *Mehrefza* cannot hurt us. Now, look upon me no longer as the chief priest of the pagod of *Casniire*; but as the confident of the prince of *Persia*, whose story and mine I shall relate.

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The History of FARRUKSCHAD and
SYMORGUE.

F*arrukschad* is the only son of the king of *Persia*, and an accomplish'd prince. Some time ago he fell sick, and was attended by the best physicians in *Chiras*, who all said, the cause of his distemper was only known to himself. His father not being able to get the secret from him, sent for me. *Symorgue*, says he, I am very sure that my son hides nothing from you. Engage him to let me know the cause of his illness.

I instantly went to his apartment. He asked where I hid myself. I answer'd, I have been a hunting. But, my prince, added I, what is the matter with you? *Symorgue*, replies he, I can keep nothing from thee. I longed to tell it thee. It is this. "I dreamt I was in a flowery meadow, where I saw a fair lady, and declared to her my passion; but she flew away with an air of disdain, and said, All men are traitors. I also saw a hind, who had by her

“efforts released a stag which was caught in a
“net; but soon after she falling into another,
“he ungratefully abandon’d her.”

This dream, my friend, disturbs my quiet; and tho’ I well know reason bids me drive such phantoms out of my mind, yet I keep them in my memory. No, my lord, replied I, there may be something extraordinary in these appearances. Heaven, perhaps, has presented you with the likeness of the princess, who is to be your wife. Let me go with you round the world, my prince, in search of this lovely creature.

I told the king the cause of his distemper; and let him know it would be necessary for him and me to travel. His majesty agreed, and we set out from *Chivas* with a magnificent retinue. We travelled on to the city of *Gaznina*, where I left my prince, and departed for the kingdom of *Casmire*, to procure him the object of his wishes. After many days I came into this meadow. Pleased with the beauty of it, I alighted, sat down, and fell asleep. When I awoke, I saw six white hinds, with blue fa-
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tin housings on their backs, and gold rings on their feet. They came to me, I stroaked them, and observed they wept. Then turning my eyes to the palace, I saw a beautiful lady, who beckon'd me to her. The hinds endeavour'd to stop me from going, by biting the bottom of my garment. But my love was too hard for my prudence. I went on, and the lady looked more beautiful near, than at a distance. She led me into a grand apartment, and sat down by me on a sofa; then presenting me with fruit, said: "Rash stranger, how dare you approach the palace of *Mehresza*. Quit the human form this moment, and take that of a stag. Loose thy speech, but keep thy understanding, to make thee sensible of thy misery."

I was immediately turned into a stag; a green satin housing was put upon my back, and I was led into a large park, where there was above 200 more. In this situation I was incessantly tormented for *Farrukschad*, whose desires it was not now in my power to accomplish.

One day eight or ten ladies came to walk in the park; one more beautiful than the rest looking on the flags, said: I heartily pity these poor wretches! What an inhuman creature is the princess of *Mebresza*. In her absence I am resolved to do a charitable action. Go mother, added she, bring one of those flags to me. Her governante conducted me to her mistress, who order'd one of her slaves to gather a handful of a certain herb, which she bruised, and gave me, saying: "Oh young man, resume thy former shape!" Upon this I fell at the lady's feet. She asked my name, country, &c, I answer'd all her questions; after which she said: I am the daughter of a prince. My name is *Ghulnaze*. She, who transformed you, is my elder sister. Nobody but I could have deliver'd you out of her hands. I fear her resentment. However, I will help you to make the prince your friend happy; but this cannot be done without your passing for a *Dervis*. Therefore follow my directions. This said, she went to her wardrobe, and brought me the habit of a *Dervis*, a girdle, and a little ivory box filled with ointment. Take these things, continued she, and proceed to the city. But before you enter,

enter, rub your body with the ointment. Then tie on your magic girdle, and say you come in pilgrimage to *Casmire*, to see the great *Kesaya*, and they will conduct you to king *Togrulbey*, who will deliver you to the high-priest *Abran*: he will lead you to the pagod, whose palace is surrounded with a deep ditch, which boils without fire. On each side of it is a platform of steel plates red hot. Then will *Abran* say, Oh phoenix of the age! how many dangers have you passed before you could arrive here. *Kesaya* is hid; men cannot behold him. You must pay your adorations here, and then return home.

You must reply, I would willingly see him. The high-priest will then tell you, that for so great an honour, you must cross the boiling water, and pass over the burning steel. The ointment, with which you must rub yourself, will make the water solid, and preserve you from being burnt. When you come to *Kesaya*, you must serve him a whole day. Then *Abran* will adopt you for his son. Stay with him, and while he is asleep, rub his body with the white powder I gave you, which will immediately

tely kill him, and the king will make you his successor. When you are vested with this dignity, go to the prince of *Casmire*, who is given over by his physicians, pray over him, and he shall be cured. No more; the rest depends upon your management.

This, charming princess, adds *Symorgue*, is the artifice I used to cure you of the ill opinion you had of men; and to prepare your heart for the most lovely of all princes. *Farrucknaz* blushed, but forgave his imposture. Then he took *Farrucknaz* by the hand, and led her into the palace, the beauty of which caused her admiration. He then led her into the park, where *Gbulnaze* restored above 300 stags to their natural form.

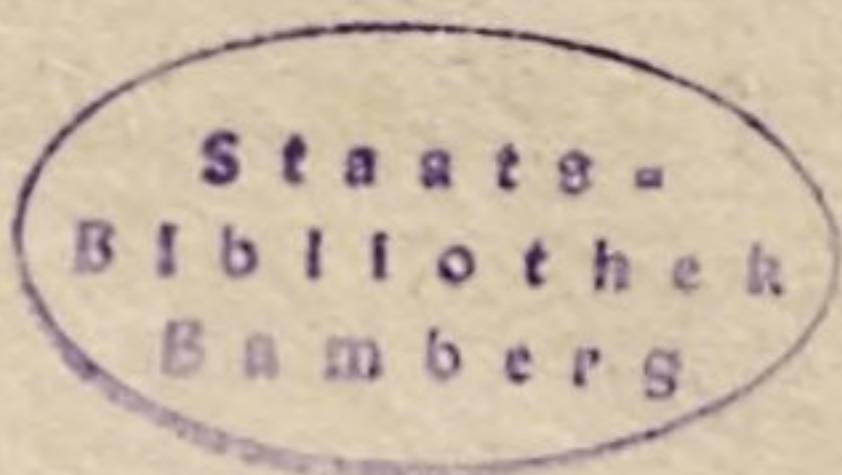
But how was *Symorgue* and the princesses surprized to find amongst them the prince *Farruckschad*! My dear friend, says the prince of *Persia*, have I once more found you? Yes, my lord, replied *Symorgue*, it is I; and to compleat your happiness, I bring you the lovely princess of *Casmire*. This said, he conducted him to *Farrucknaz*, whose likeness she had seen in a dream;

dream ; and the prince knew her to be the same person, whose image he had in remembrance.

While *Farrukschad* was expressing the joy of his soul to the princess, *Ghulnaze* restored the white hinds to their natural shape, who all appeared to be amiable young ladies. These four then departed to the court of *Gaznina*, where that king married the prince of *Persia* to the princess of *Casmire*, and adopted him for his heir. He then gave *Symorgue* to *Ghulnaze*.

Not long after the old king died, and named *Farrukschad* his successor. The prince of *Persia* ascended his throne; but being desirous to see his father, returned to *Ghiras*, and left the government of *Gaznina* to *Symorgue*. The king of *Persia* dying soon after, *Farrukschad* reigned in his stead.

F I N I S.



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WILLIAM TAYLOR

Facius, Johann Friedrich, 1751-1825

Persian Tales designed for use and entairtainment

Bd.: 3

Coburg 1781

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